

OCTOBER, 1998

HERMES

WESLEYAN'S MAGAZINE OF POLITICAL, CRITICAL, AND CREATIVE THOUGHT



A MESSAGE FROM W.A.S.L. (WESLEYAN ANTI-SEX LEAGUE)

We're mad as hell, and we're not going to take it anymore! Since we walked in our parents performing ... well you know, that dirty thing ... so many years ago we've been filled with moral outrage. You dirty, dirty people! Don't you know that your body is a temple!! Alright, alright ... tolerance <long sigh>. Now let us begin again.

To all you sexuals out there, be you gay, bi, straight, r some other disgusting persuasion, we would just like to say — knock it off!! Or at least rent a room. Since junior high we've had to watch your disgusting displays of affection — furtive glances, long stares, hand-holding, necking, lip-locking, tongue wrestling, gratuitous groping, heavy petting, and all other forms of lustful libidinous lechery. You people don't realize what a frenzy such displays drive us into. As you shove your face down someone else's throat, we silently suffer. We fume, we may even cry, but society dictates that we keep silent. No more! No more will we people suffer these indignitieswe

Don't get us wrong, I recognize your legal right to procreate, and we suppose that such displays are a necessary component of what you call "foreplay." Nonetheless, we must ask — in fact we will demand

— that you confine such activities to a properly designated "sexual space" — your dorm room, say, or a senior thesis carrel (as long as no cooing, gushing, slurping, or moaning makes it over to the stacks, where we sit alone with our massive chemistry texts).

Oh and one last tidbit: if there are any other students out there questioning their sexuality, or lack thereof, remember that we have put together special services designed just for you which are available 24 hours a day, 7 days a week — don't worry, you won't be interrupting anything. And to fellow WASL members, remember that **National Keep It In Your Pants Day** is coming up next month. Listen carefully to your voicemail — our chalkings committee will be meeting soon.

And remember everybody, keep it in your pants!

-- Your Platonic Friends at W.A.S.L.

Why *Hermes*?

Hermes was founded in 1975 by a group of student activists upset with Wesleyan's school newspaper, the *Argus*. *Hermes* is named after the god who, according to Greek mythology, slew the hundred-eyed monster, *Argus*. These days we try to provide a more political, critical, and analytical outlet for Wesleyan students to express their opinions.

About seven issues of *Hermes* are produced a year. We publish a wide range of material, including articles on campus life, photo essays, short fiction, and opinion pieces, but we tend to focus on activism and social commentary from a variety of viewpoints. *Hermes* serves as an open forum in which students can publish their ideas, stimulate activism and awareness on campus, and maybe even make someone laugh in the process. We are always open to controversy or criticism, and we just love articles which report the dirty deeds of the Wesleyan administration, a form of activism in its own right.

The staff of *Hermes* meets once a week, usually on Wednesdays at 9:30 PM in the WSA building (190 High St.). We are organized as a nonhierarchical collective, and work in an informal manner. *Hermes* has no permanent positions and no authoritarians; decisions are made by the entire staff. Newcomers are welcome. We need staff writers, as well as people willing to do proof-reading, editing, photography, and layout.

HERMES GETS A "RASH"

Atopic Dermatitis - Dave McDougall

Pustular Psoriasis - Schuyler Whelden

Cirrhosis - Megan Wolff

Morphea - Dan Dylan Young

Pruritus - Karen Weingarten

Leprosy - Ben Oppenheim

Acanthosis Nigricans - Jessica Fantz

Lupus Vulgaris - Jeff Schwaber

Anhidrotic Ectodermal Dysplasia - Noah Lancer

Malignant Atrophic Papulosis - Laura Clawson

Hydradenitis - Molly Langmuir

Blackheads - Li Yu

Eczema - Brian Edwards-Tiekert

Chronic Hives - Aongus Burke

Necrolytic Dermatitis - Olivia DeBree

Mycosis Fungoides - Eva Jaffe

All opinions expressed are those of the authors and do not necessarily represent the views of the *Hermes* staff.

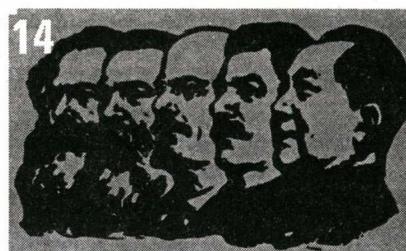
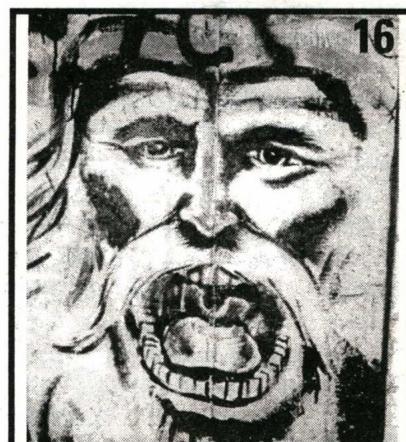
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Dear Doug

An Open Letter to President Bennet

Dear President Bennet:

On Thursday October 8th, Wesleyan was lucky enough to be visited by one of the world's most violent terrorist groups—the US Marines. Among other things, this group has been accused of burning villages, massacring peasants, invading sovereign states (Panama), and using chemical weapons against its own defectors in Southeast Asia.

Of course, we realize that it isn't your place to decide what groups should or should not solicit students on campus, and we fully support free speech for all at Wesleyan. In fact, we were fully prepared to politely ignore the Marines like the rest of Wesleyan, until we observed them flagrantly violate two parts of our code of Non-Academic Conduct.

First, they brought lethal weapons onto campus without registering them with Public Safety—they kept two sheathed sabers on the table they set up in the campus center. Of course, it's easy to understand that members of an international terrorist group get used to carrying around weapons and can innocently forget they should leave them behind in certain de-militarized settings—like a college, say, or the opera, or a village in Vietnam. We forgive them this oversight.

Their other violation, however, was a flagrant attack on free speech at Wesleyan, and should not go unchallenged. Let us explain: the two Marines who came to visit campus put a number of glossy flyers up on bulletin boards around campus on Wednesday night advertising their recruitment session the next day. Students respectfully left these flyers untouched. One student—in the true spirit of liberal learning—took the time to open the forum for debate by posting flyers next to those of the Marines that read as follows: "There's no Honor in Killing." That night, two of us watched the recruitment officers walk across campus, ripping down every copy of that flyer that they came across.

At this point, one might be tempted to point out that the Marines had behaved with much less civility than a student body that is often accused of being spoiled and immature, but we understand this too—our notions of 'civility' are, of course, socially constructed, and we

"He's a United States Marine Corps Officer. When he visits your campus he will be looking for leaders, people ready to graduate with honor. If you've got the mettle to be a Marine, he's a man you'll want to meet."

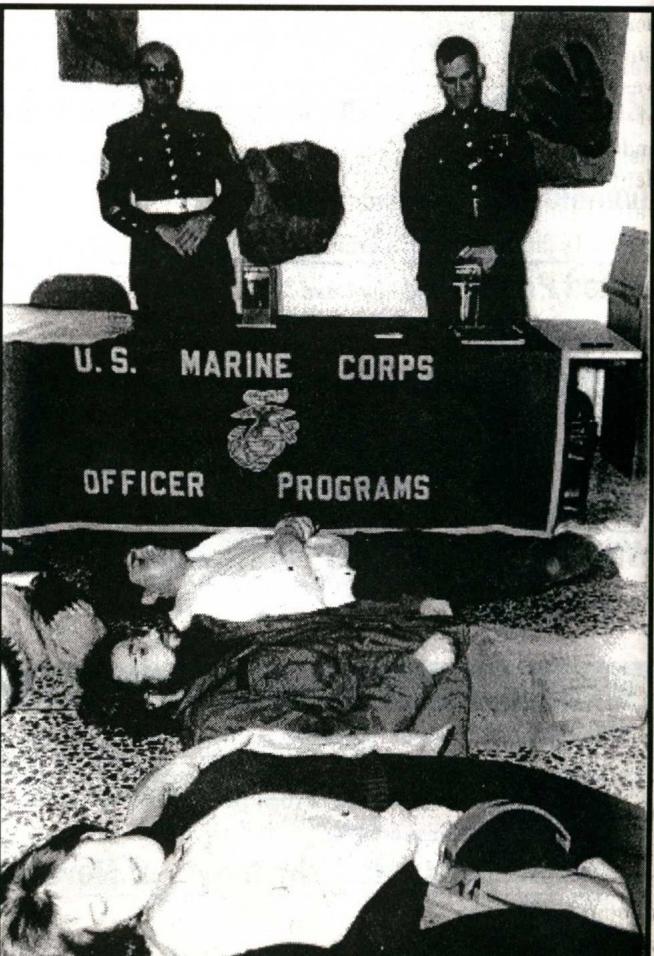
--U.S. Marines flyer seen around campus

understand that our university community may operate by very different norms of behavior than those of an international terrorist group. When you're a Marine, for instance, you may often find yourself resolving political debates by shooting, burning, or impaling the other side.

Whatever their cultural framework, however, we feel that Marines should respect Wesleyan standards when they're at Wesleyan, and so we make this request: we ask that you write a letter to the United States Marines on behalf of the Wesleyan community demanding a letter of apology before recruitment officers will be allowed on campus again.

Keep up the good work!

Sincerely,
Brian Edwards-Tiekert
John Kamp



A warm Wesleyan welcome to the U.S. Marines.
photo: Hermes Archives c.1991

Long Shorts



Who Cares About Wesleyan's Rankings?

In keeping with the policy of focusing on the school itself and not on its image, President Bennett sent a letter over the summer to professors teaching FYIs this semester. According to one professor, this letter explained to the professors that FYIs were being limited to 19 students, and that they were not to let any more students than that in. The rationale, explained in the letter, was that the U.S. News & World Report college rankings penalized schools for all classes of 20 students and over, so limiting the classes to 19 would help boost Wesleyan in the rankings. —NL

WESLEAD Retreats

In a September 29th Wespeak, Christina Kishimoto (the new Assistant Dean of Student Services) chided student group leaders for not turning out for her WESLEAD retreat. "While funding for up to 85 students was made available by the Office of the Dean of the College and the WSA office, only 26 students took advantage of this valuable opportunity." "WHERE WERE YOU?"

She neglected to mention that she'd scheduled the retreat on the same day as mandatory budget hearings for student groups. She also neglected to mention that the \$1,000 dollars she got from the WSA used to be spent on an on-campus WESLEAD conference that had four times the attendance—Gee Christina, you think student group leaders might be too *busy* to spend a entire day in the woods doing ropes courses and roasting marshmallows? —BET

Bankrupt Programming

Last Spring an inexperienced and clueless new Residential Life staff announced exciting new plans for the future of housing at Wesleyan. These included the popular "Frosh Hill" proposal to 'standardize' the Wesleyan housing experience (one week later, students had collected over a thousand signatures on a petition against it), a proposal to paint all the university's wood-frame housing the same colors (so students would *really* stick out from the rest of Middletown), and the plan—which was implemented this year—to

put RAs and HRS into High Rise and Low Rise and make program house managers paid employees.

Never mind that the administration allotted close to \$50,000 a year to pay for the new positions (enough to open a new full-time faculty line, or at least get a few cheap visiting profs); never mind that they gave the HRs their own *apartments* while frosh are still getting crammed into two-room triples; the worst was yet to come—Res Life requires each of the new HRs to run all-campus events just like the other HRs, but they want the students to pay for it.

In spite of the fact that Head Residents are employees of Residential Life, the Head Residents' events budget comes from the WSA. Res Life told the new HRs to ask the SBC for more funding, and the SBC—which was busy paying off a \$60,000 debt by slashing the budget of every student group except the croquet club—responded, predictably, with a great big "fuck you." All of which leaves this year's HR's in something of a bind—their job requires them to run campus programming, but their employers won't pay for it. —BET

Miss America

It's been a few weeks since I watched the Miss America Pageant on TV, but I'm still pissed. The pageant sets a few areas in which the ideal woman apparently should excel: appearance (in swimsuit and evening gown), talent, and ability to respond coherently to questions. Fine.

For those of you who missed the competition, Miss Virginia won. She was the second-ugliest woman in the top ten (Miss Kentucky was a beast) and her singing was stunningly bad. I mean, I don't have the world's most sensitive ear, but I was literally cringing through much of her song. But, you see, she has diabetes, which she contracted as an adult. Nothing else could have won her the crown, and it pisses me off. They don't want women to be pretty, or talented; they want them to be properly sentimental victims of properly sentimental, completely blame-free afflictions. And these are the people who routinely talk about how the thing they don't like about feminism is that it paints women as victims. The hypocrisy is as bad as our current Miss America's voice. —LC





POLITICS

Lebedsraum

by Olivia DeBree

Russia's Wacky Presidential Hopeful

Alexander Lebed is the bear of a man dressed in a brown suit with a cigarette pinched between his fingers. Leaning forward with both elbows on the table, his presence is formidable and his tongue dangerous. He's famous for negotiating peace in Chechnya and stirring conflict in the Kremlin. A fatalist. A racist? Ambitious. And proud. Proud enough to compare himself to Colin Powell and patriotic enough to seek the presidency. He says he "was born a winner and that sooner or later, victory will be [his]." Sorting him out before he takes Russia's presidential oath might behooove us all.

Historically, Russian officials haven't publicly voiced complaints against the government even in desperate circumstances (covering up Yeltsin's health problems is one good example of this). As Security Council Chief in 1996, Lebed had the nerve to openly criticize the Kremlin; in fact, Yeltsin fired him in October 1996 because of how candidly he assessed Russian politicians. Lebed called President Yeltsin "a minus," Ultranationalist Vladimir Zhirinovsky "the Lord God's monkey," and described Viktor Chernomyrdin as "so inarticulate he needs a translator from Russian into Russian."

London's Financial Times refers to Alexander Lebed's "populist magic," invoking a striking image for those praying for a miracle in Russia: Lebed the magician. With a feeble-bodied president in Yeltsin and an economy so weak Russia's ruble recently collapsed, anything less than a leader who pulls rabbits out of hats won't work. The next Russian president will have to pull money out of nowhere. Lebed lacks political experience and economic knowledge, but his popularity might put him in office. He better have at least a couple cards up his sleeve.

Lebed is not usually called a magician. People look to him as an "outsider", someone unrelated to the currently fragmented, unproductive Russian bureaucracy. General Lebed's popularity comes from military victories: In 1992, he commanded Russian troops in Moldova and stopped a civil war from happening there. In 1996, he helped negotiate peace in Chechnya.

Today, Lebed governs Krasnoyarsk, a state suffering greatly from the country's economic instability. People fear the combination of financial troubles and the arrival of another brutal, Siberian winter. As a result, Lebed imposed price controls last month. This price control policy hopefully indicates he is willing to risk unpopularity to save Russian lives. Lebed's recommendation for regional currencies also epitomizes

his authoritarian approach to reform. The General does not shy away from taking responsibility for a situation. Because other Russian politicians refuse to take responsibility for anything these days, Lebed's willingness to do so makes him popular.

Even Mikhail Gorbachev expressed his confidence in Lebed's devotion to Russia. Certainly, Lebed is devoted to speaking out for the interests of the Russian people—especially soldiers. In July 1998, he warned Prime Minister Kiriyenko that Russian "officers are hungry...[and] very angry" and "offered" to take over a missile unit if the Kremlin did not begin paying troops. Having a president with military support could expedite reform.

Many Russians ardently defend Lebed. A British journalist recently reported hearing a Krasnoyarsk welder say, "God Bless you Alexander Ivanovich. God has given you to Russia to save us sinners." Lebed is the knight in shining armor, a man of the people who knows what combat is like, who speaks his mind and will threaten the government and stand up to NATO.

But while he easily captures poor Russians' hearts, Lebed can't convince the political elite he has the experience and knowledge to lead the country. His occasional suggestions for Yeltsin are vague. This spring during his gubernatorial campaign, he told voters: "The world is afraid of us, because we are thin and hungry and in the history of the world, it is the thin and hungry who make war on the rich and fat. My main foreign policy would be to make Russia rich and fat." This may encourage starving Russians, but his ideas won't materialize if he doesn't offer ways to make them happen.

The military will support Lebed. Polls show the Russian people will support him. Nationalist and liberal free-marketers both support him. But will the West? We know the country's economic status will not improve dramatically before the 2000 presidential elections, so whomever Russians elect must be able to garner Western support.

He calls himself a democrat and says he will never consider returning to Communism (though he did consider a coalition with the Communist Party prior to the last presidential election). In addition, he supports private property and denounces corruption in the Kremlin.

On the other hand, Lebed is unabashedly suspicious of the West and thinks Russia should confirm her Great Power status through military strength and territorial acquisition—both of which will generate red flags from NATO and the US more specifically. In the

past, Lebed criticized NATO unmercifully but more recently he has taken a moderate position: he will not have a "hysterical fit" if NATO expands.

How will the West respond to a man some people call racist, anti-Semitic, and ultra-nationalistic but for whom Russian women will lay down on an airplane runway and risk being run over?

Lebed will step into Russian politics at a pivotal

point if he becomes president. The Russian people are betting on him. Wielding power requires competence. Carrying the hope of a nation composed of starving, unpaid people frustrated with post-cold war reforms requires strength, daring, creativity and genius. Russia will have to trust Lebed's words--"He who doesn't take risks doesn't drink champagne"--and vote him into office, inexperience and all.



ALEXANDER LEBED: HORSE THIEF, ADULTERER, RUSSIAN PATRIOT

This short rant brought to you by:
Ben Oppenheim

Russia is in transition- from authoritarianism to democracy, from a command economy to unbridled capitalism, and from crackpot leadership to... um... crackpot leadership. Against this backdrop of chaos and change, Alexander Lebed has made his entrance into the Russian political scene. Heralded by many as the "populist for the people" and a corruption fighter, Lebed ran against current Russian president Boris Yeltsin in the past election, briefly held a cabinet position in Yeltsin's government, and currently is governor of an impoverished, remote, and underdeveloped Siberian garden spot. Many pundits see Lebed as the next great leader for Russia, as the man who will guide it into the next millenium. After all, he seems like the natural choice: a distinguished military career, good teeth, and no association with the corrupt influences of power politics, right? Wrong. Let me introduce you to Alexander Lebed, horsethief, adulterer, and Russian patriot:

Lebed the Peacemaker

Due to his part in resolving the Russo-Chechyan war, many hold Lebed to be a peacemaker of sorts. But his inept "solution" to the Chechyan problem was little more than a half-assed agreement to disagree. As it stands, Chechnya thinks that it is a sovereign, independent nation. Russia officially views it as a eccentric province. And Lebed's opinion on the subject? "Here we have a Russian (province), bombed to bits by Russian planes paid for by Russian taxpayers who are now going to have to pay a second time to rebuild it." Coming from the man who brokered the peace treaty, all I can say is "nice job." Chechnya is a powder keg that will explode as soon as someone crosses a line they don't even know exists, and Russia can thank Alexander Lebed for that.

Lebed the Tolerant

"All these Mormons are mold and filth which have come to destroy the state. The state should outlaw them."

—June 1996, commenting on evangelical Mormons in Russia.

While Lebed has had little to say on the subject of religious tolerance, I think that we can infer from the

above statement that he doesn't own a copy of the Tanach, or the Book of Mormon, for that matter.

Lebed the Populist

"Most Russians don't care whether they are ruled by fascists or communists or even Martians as long as they can buy six kinds of sausage in the store and lots of cheap vodka."

—Financial Times, September 6, 1994.
Yes, this is a man with a deep and abiding respect for his constituents.

Lebed the Democrat

Although Lebed has had to work through a democratic system to gain power, he certainly hasn't enjoyed it. "What kind of an election is it, if there is no fraud?" he asked the public in 1996, before the presidential election. Let me field that one- A REAL DEMOCRATIC ELECTION, YOU PSYCHOPATH!

Lebed the Human Rights Activist

Lebed is also a noted agitator for the violation of human rights. Talking about Pinochet, the brutal Chilean dictator, Lebed commented that "I'm not one to praise Pinochet... but he saved the state from total collapse... The loudmouths were forced, and forced in a brutal manner, to shut their mouths." Many of those loudmouths, or "legally elected representatives of the people" as we sometimes call them, died hideous deaths at the hands of a vile dictatorship. Sounds like praise to me.

And last, but certainly not least, let me introduce

Lebed, the farsighted politician:

"The world is afraid of us, because we are thin and hungry, and in the history of the world, it is the thin and hungry who make war on the rich and fat. My main foreign policy would be to make Russia rich and fat." ...so the thin and hungry people can kick your fucking ass, right?

So let me ask you, is this the right man to make Russia rich and fat? Let's hope not.



DEATH OR GLORY

The Fight To Save Headwaters Forest

The battle to save the Headwaters Forest in northern

BY DANIEL DYLAN YOUNG

California from destruction has finally come down to a life and death struggle. On September 17th, an Earth First! activist engaged in direct action tactics in the forest was killed by a falling tree. Pacific Lumber Company ignored the activists' presence in the area and continued harvesting the trees, in complete disregard for human life.

The victim of this negligence was David "Gypsy" Chain, 24, part of a group of activists using a protest technique called "cat and mouse." This method involves confronting a group of loggers in the woods and urging them to stop cutting down the trees. It often causes the crews to stop simply because they know that there are people in the vicinity.

But on that fateful day the possibility of killing someone was not enough to stop rank and file loggers from doing the dirty work for Maxxam corporation. Pacific Lumber contends that logger A.E. Ammons, who felled the fatal four foot-wide, 130 foot tall redwood, was unaware of the loggers' presence in the area. But Maya Watts, an Earth First! activist protesting at the site on the day prior to Chain's death, has come forward to testify that on September 16th, "Ammons made many threats ... including threatening to cut any tree we were tree-sitting in and stating that he wanted to beat the three of us into the ground." Ammons' hostility escalated, and a videotape taken by activists on September 17th, shows Ammons cursing and yelling at the protesters, "I wish I had my fucking pistol!" Finally, videotape taken one hour prior to Chain's death shows Ammons making the threat, "Get outta here! Otherwise I'll fuckin' ... I'll make sure I got a tree comin' this way!"

Though Ammons told the activists he spoke with that he was felon who had once shot a deputy sheriff in a bar-room brawl, both Pacific Lumber and the Humboldt County Sheriff's Department have been keeping his full name and background under wraps. According to Earth First!'s attorney, Richard Jay Moller, the Detective investigating the case has been acting, "more like a defense attorney for A.E. [Ammons] than an objective investigator."

Located in Humboldt County in northern California, the Headwaters Forest is the largest private holding of old-growth redwoods in the world. It is made up of 63,000 acres of environmentally sensitive watershed land. It is the breeding ground for 2 endan-

gered species of birds — the Northern spotted owl and the marbled murrelet — as well as the endangered coho salmon. Though it has long been owned by Pacific Lumber, it was not threatened until that logging company was bought out by the massive Maxxam corporation owned by multi-millionaire Charles Hurwitz. Since Hurwitz declared his intentions a few years ago to log the companies old growth holdings, a battle has been going on.

First California Representative Dan Hamburg tried to put a bill through the U.S. Congress to buy out 40,000 acres of the land for a substantial sum, and thereby save it from the chainsaw. This bill failed in the Senate. Then EPIC, a northern California environmentalist group, initiated legal measures to hold back Hurwitz' rapacious plunder through rigorous application of the Endangered Species Act. Hurwitz fought back by threatening to counter-sue based on the principle that he was being kept from practicing his rights of private ownership over

the forests — a tactic which cowed even the Clinton administration and the Sierra Club.

A deal was finally struck when California Senator Dianne Feinstein successfully lobbied to have the California and Federal governments pool their money to purchase the minimal core area of the Headwaters, comprising less than 10,000 acres of the entire watershed (3,500 of which are old growth redwoods). For this pitiful piece of the pie, the government offered Hurwitz \$480 million. Their agreement also stated that they would allow Hurwitz to have his way with the remaining 210,000 acres of Pacific Lumber's timber holdings.

Hurwitz' cronies are now beginning to liquidate the areas of the Headwaters Forest which lie outside the 10,000 acre government holdings. Earth First! is maintaining three tree sits in the area, including one that has been going on for ten months running.

It is possible that the Humboldt County Sheriff and District Attorney will choose to file manslaughter or murder charges against Pacific Lumber and A.E. Ammons. However the enormity of the issue and their behavior so far makes this very unlikely.

The government has washed its hands of the Headwaters Forest. Direct action methods like those practiced by David Chain are the only option left for those who believe that the health of the earth should come before corporate greed. And it seems that they may well be called upon to die for their beliefs.



David Chain, killed at age 24 by a "falling tree"

BIGGER FISH TO FRY

HAVE THE IMPEACHMENT PROCEEDINGS BLINDED US TO WHAT'S REALLY GOING ON?

BY AARON HILLIARD

Many Americans are worrying about various issues surrounding Bill Clinton's possible impeachment. Yet their concerns have a very narrow scope, and they are missing the truly important consequences that these proceedings will have. Most seem worried about the detrimental affect that such an action would have on the office of President as an institution. After the Water- and Whitewater-Gates, will the children of tomorrow respect their Commander-in-Chief? How about the rest of the world?

While these concerns deserve our attention, it seems that we have more to worry about than a little international egg on our collective American face. The energy that the nation's leaders, media and citizens are spending on the impeachment process itself will be quite detrimental.

A number of major debates are currently going on in Congress. Government finance, Medicare, and the future of social security are all being heatedly debated by members of the House and Senate. You wouldn't know this by turning on the six o'clock news or opening a newspaper. Policy issues have fallen into a media black hole, dwarfed and consumed by Monica-gate. Special sections of the *New York Times* and *The Washington Post* have been created just to cover the controversy. The graphics folks at the television networks are working overtime to develop new ways to make words like *peril* and *jeopardy* twirl and spin in the upper right-hand corner of the television screen.

Many congresspeople hoping for re-election in November have changed campaign strategy to focus on impeachment. The speeches on education and tobacco legislation have been put in a file cabinet somewhere and replaced by hearty endorsement or harsh opposition to President Clinton.

This intense focus on the part of our nation's press and elected officials is leading us down a very risky path. Every few years, the American electorate gets only one constitutionally-protected chance to influence congressional proceedings. Current campaign strategies would lead you to believe that Joe Lunchbox is choosing who makes his decisions in the Senate simply by how the rep looked in his sound bite about Monica-gate. If this is the case, then we will be electing the Senators of 2004 on the basis of what some would consider a "non-issue" issue.

It is difficult to call the unseating of the President of the United States a "non-issue." But realistically,

Monica-gate has blown itself way out of proportion. We are in the midst of a media frenzy. There is a debilitating "group-mind" psychology that occasionally overtakes the information industry. Mob mentality has spread throughout the normally tranquil town of Mediaville.

Like any media frenzy, the facts of Monica-gate have been distorted and misconstrued by the press's hall of mirrors. Jimmy Carter mentioned that a swimming rabbit "attacked" his fishing boat in 1979 and it was all that anyone read about for a week. In 1988, when Presidential candidate George Bush announced little-known Dan Quayle as his running-mate, the media went wild. Many newspapers devoted more resources to investigating rumors about Quayle than about the two presidential candidates.

At the time of the O.J. Simpson trial (the mother of all frenzies), the media was devoted to convincing the world — and perhaps, themselves — that Simpson's story was worthy of the news coverage which it was receiving. It overtook entire nightly news broadcasts and the announcement of the verdict in the civil suit nearly eclipsed the end of President Clinton's State of the Union Address. Articles in magazines like the *New Yorker* told the nation that the O.J. debacle was a turning point in race-relations in America.

Looking back on the Simpson case, it all seems a bit silly. It's been over a year since Simpson has been in the limelight. Once Dave Letterman stopped chiding Simpson about searching for the 'real murderer,' the nation lost interest. Quayle's anonymity and Carter's killer rabbit are minor blips on the historical radar screen.

Admittedly, there is a major difference between the frenzies mentioned above and the one in which we currently find ourselves. The dethroning of a President due to his deceitful adultery is something schoolchildren will hear about for a long time. However the witch-hunt mentality which has driven these events will soon subside. While Clinton's legacy has been forever changed, Monica Lewinsky and Kenneth Starr will soon begin to fade into the fuzzy rear-sections of the nation's consciousness.

In five years' time, no matter what comes of the impeachment proceedings, we will have a new President. The Senators elected this November, however, will still be in office. Those Congressmen will be deciding how to deal with the future of health care and social security issues that have nothing to do with the personal life of William Jefferson Clinton.





Is AIDS Passe?

By Megan Wolff

Carl saved me from falling down the stairs when I was eleven. He probably doesn't remember. I was running down the carpeted steps from Judson Church's meeting room toward the Sunday School when I lost my balance and pitched forward. Carl was standing behind me and grabbed my coat, righting me like a floor lamp. I like to think that I turned around and waved, or at least smiled, but I think I just kept running down the steps. Running, though, rather than falling.

A few weeks ago Carl stood up in church to announce that he'd be doing the AIDS ride from Boston to New York in September. He paused as he picked up the mic to push back some tears. "I did a training ride yesterday from Nyack to New York," he said. "And Jesus! I don't think I appreciated how much the riders go through." He stopped to think into the mike. "But... I know you all appreciate why I'm doing it. There are so many children who are living with HIV and AIDS and they really need us." We waited. Carl tightened and relaxed his grip on the microphone. He took a breath. Carl's adopted son is HIV positive and was at the time of his adoption five years ago. "My T cells are up, so I'm going on the ride in September," he concluded, "and I could really use your support."

The service went on as usual, although I suppose that several people wrote checks. I did some thinking and some crying quietly, after the choral amen, on my own terms.

I can't stop thinking about mortality lately. I arrived home from a year in Australia in June and although I wouldn't say I'm death-obsessed I'm suddenly very possibility-laden. After a year of switching cities roughly every 3 months, I've re-entered a world that has history for me, where actions matter and choices have weight. Suddenly I'm back in life's gravity and the re-entry shock is intense. It's not culture shock; it's the catching up: the marriages, the births, the diagnoses, the deaths that occurred in my absence and are a sharp reminder of permanence and could-have-beens. If a mistake, an accident, or a lie can be the divider between so many possibilities, but most frighteningly between a healthy cell and the entry of HIV, then what does it mean to be 'safe'? Why Carl? Why his son?

I feel childish. I feel like I'm making amazing insights into the obvious, heaving scare-tactics from my left brain to my right. It's probably just my super-ego making sure I'm counting my blessings to be home

in one piece. But that may only be what I'm telling myself now, when I find myself sweating in front of the New York Times, to explain why I'm suddenly so shaken up.

I am very shaken up.

I've always been a panic case for AIDS; why am I suddenly a panic case for AIDS victims?

I think I might have learned something while I was gone; I think I might have learned that people need people, that perhaps compassion isn't something born only of a bleeding heart but brought on by the recognition of need from someone who understands what it is to need. When things were going badly in Sydney I was left to my own devices. I could e-mail frantically into a hemisphere a season away, but usually the thing to do was to wander around. In moments of isolation I gave away pocketsful of change to the guitarist on the corner, to the collection for the friend who had broken his back, to the sax player under the central bus station. I

got used to doing favors for friends, who were usually artists or students and usually broke, and who always returned the help. It was not the lesson I expected to learn from a year in the southern hemisphere. I probably still don't fully understand it

now, but when Carl stands up looking for help what is there to do except mobilize?

My father did the ride last year and told me about the route. There would be water stops every few miles, meal stops in designated towns, and cheering squads wherever local supporters felt like standing by the road. Sweep vans would be riding along with the cyclists, picking up anyone too tired to go on and making sure that no one was left behind. There would be all manner of people on the ride, including a sizable number of HIV positive people and a decent number of couples: lesbian, gay, and straight. My father is a beanpole of a guy, fifty-four with a graying beard and a work schedule that leaves him five hour nights and time to send my brother and me two line e-mails before rushing off to the next thing. When he arrived home from the ride last year he was unfatigued: invigorated and happy for weeks, happier than we'd seen him for a long, long time.

This year the AIDS ride went through Middletown on September 18, right up through the Wesleyan campus. They would be stopping for lunch outside of Bess Eaton Donuts, but first they'd be cycling down Washington St. past the CFA, Vine St., and 356 Washington. A cheering squad was definitely in order. Not having one would have been an embarrassment,

but it was harder to raise campus interest than I had predicted. I'm not much of a public person, which didn't help, but when I did begin making phone calls and announcements, campus interest was tepid. The *Argus* found no time to attend to the press release fed-exed from the central office, and no space to run an announcement. Most campus groups were in their fledgling stages for the year and not yet ready to generate support. ASHA turned out to be a good resource, but it was a friend who had stopped to visit me on his way home to London who did much of the posterizing and painted a banner for MoCon.

"AIDS is out of style," commented my brother when I mentioned it to him. "Red ribbons were the

As the morning wore on the trickle of riders became a stream, turning by noon into a veritable river.

thing for awhile but no one wears them anymore. The public is over it. Good luck, though." His comment was the kind of double-edged "supportive" thing a brother might say, and one with an unfortunately accurate point. Protease inhibitors, combination therapies, and the sheer number of years this has been in the news is wearing public enthusiasm thin. AIDS is not gone, though. 3000 people would be riding 275 miles from one city to another, trying to raise \$4 million precisely because AIDS is not gone.

On the day of the ride bicyclists started pedaling through Middletown as early as 8 am, though they hadn't been expected until 10. Cutting my Friday classes, I went with a friend to pick up a dozen balloons donated by Super Stop & Shop and got out onto the route as early as we could. By 10:30 there was already a steady line of riders going by, most of them smiling and cheering for us before we had a chance to cheer for them. "Thanks for coming out!" they beamed, rolling past. They were radiant. Several had pin wheels strapped to their helmets and bike horns shaped like squeezable Buddhas. They honked as they went past. "Thanks for riding!" we called. They waved and laughed. We cheered.

As the morning wore on the trickle of riders became a stream, turning by noon into a veritable river. One of the ASHA members came out and cheered with us, although by then our adrenaline level was already so high that it didn't matter how many of us there were. I'm sure a larger crowd would have been well-received, but to the riders it didn't seem to matter whether we were a handful or a throng; they were thrilled enough that we were there at all.

Our numbers grew. By noon there were five of us. By 12:30, after an announcement at MoCon, there were ten. By 1 there were twenty, then twenty-five,

then thirty. "Go Williams! Williams Williams Williams!" screamed a bearded young biker on a leopard-print ten-speed. Telling him off would have been bad decorum. We waved our Wesleyan banner at him. "Hey, isn't Wesleyan an all girl's school?" asked another, her ironic smile pulling at the webs around her eyes. Several people wanted to know what town they were in. Dozens reached out to slap our hands. Many took pictures of us with disposable cameras as they pedaled down Washington St.; one rider got off his bike to hang out and find out who we were. The most common comments we heard all day were, "Thanks guys!" and "Go Wesleyan!" which came from almost every rider to go by.

Carl rode by in the thick of things. He looked tired, but he was doing well. "Way to go, Carl!" I shouted from the curbside hill in front of the Washington St. apartments. He looked up, confused, then smiled and waved. He didn't stop to chat; he had other things to do and so did I, since by then I really wasn't cheering only for him.

The last of the riders were gone by 2:00, followed by the last of the sweep vans which honked and cheered and slowed down to give us the status quo. My friend and I packed up our banners, exhausted, and went home to relax. We felt great. The riders, tired or not, had looked like they felt even better.

After the weekend my parents e-mailed me to say that Carl had made another announcement at church. The AIDS ride had concluded well; all together they made over \$4 million; he'd had a great time and was happy to be home and, he added, "I was thrilled to look up at the tired half of day two and see Megan Wolff and a bunch of her friends cheering us on in Middletown." I guess it's always good to have a friend

I'm sure a larger crowd would have been well-received, but to the riders it didn't matter whether we were a handful or a throng; they were thrilled enough that we were there at

along the route.

Activism begets activism; care begets care. These are just more amazing insights into the obvious by yours truly, but lately I find myself more inclined to sign up for clinic escorting, and to try to find time to work at the Oasis Center (the resource center in Middletown for people living with HIV). I was surly toward the *Argus* reporter who called a few days after the event, because I hadn't been interested in getting my name in the paper, I had only wanted people to stand at the roadside and cheer. Next time I'll do more posterizing, keep a higher profile, and start earlier. I'm a student, not a chemist or a virologist, but it's become that much more important to me to try to lend a hand.

If only it were as simple as reaching out and grabbing Carl's coat.

Your Universe, My Universe

by Schuyler Whelden

I'm biased. I'll believe anything. That's not to say that I'm gullible. I'd prefer to look at it as my being open to various ways of looking at things and the various forms of proof that are available. Yes, I believe in ghosts. I believe in magic. I believe in enlightenment, both in its superficial forms and its truest meaning. I believe in reincarnation. I believe in free love. Also, I believe in science. I believe in technology. I believe in here and now. Yes, my beliefs are contradictory. The way I believe in scientific phenomena is different than the way that I believe in spiritual phenomena. One could see me as a gullible hypocrite or as someone open to different views, interpretations and explanations. Perhaps this will help our increasingly scientific society understand the reasoning behind mad ones like myself who still believe in long "discredited" explanations of the universe. My recent thoughts of the validity of different explanations of phenomena have made me think back to my sixth grade science class. My teacher, Mrs. Kalman, favored the Socratic method. One day she questioned: "Does anyone know who Isaac Newton was?" Feeling confident I thrust my arm towards the fluorescent lights above: "He was the guy who invented gravity." A wave of laughter rippled through the room and I heard Frank Marques say to Nick Cardelli, "what an idiot. He didn't invent gravity - he *discovered* it." At the time I found myself agreeing. Of course he didn't invent gravity. It had always existed. He just noticed it first.

Now that I have the experience of six more years behind me, I would answer the question in exactly the same way. Gravity never existed before Isaac Newton described it. Now, don't get me wrong. I'm not saying that the whole Earth was filled with floating scientists and apples that fell up. I'm simply noting that what Newton theorized was merely one possible explanation for a natural phenomenon. Everyone knew that apples fell from trees to the ground. Newton wasn't remarkable because he noticed that things fell; he was remarkable because he had a good explanation for *why* things fell.

In another place, at another time, someone may see an apple falling and call it "the Earth goddess collecting the fruit from the trees," or something to that effect. To that person this was a perfectly valid explanation. Only recently have people looking at those explanations through scientific eyes laughed and discounted them as ignorant. I wonder if 500 years from now, people will change back to predominantly spiritual explanations. Maybe they will look back at our

scientific explanation of gravity and say, "Wow, they were really searching in their ignorance of spirituality to explain the fundamental principles of reality." I am not discounting the validity of these scientific explanations, just showing the validity of other ways of thinking.

As much as I feel I understand the value of science in our society I also see reasons that people might find it hard to accept the unscientific explanations. The problem with accepting ancient explanations lies in the perspective through which they must be seen. Often a scientist will try to explain a spiritual experience with scientific evidence. More often than not, they realize this doesn't work - at least with present knowledge. We can't cram spirituality into the scientific mold any more than we can cram science into the spiritual mold. People who were looked upon as spiritual messengers with supposed direct links to "God" or a similar concept (such as the Tao) exist in almost every ancient society. These spiritual leaders have been known to heal by touch, read minds, speak the word of God, levitate objects with their minds, raise the dead, turn water into wine and cure incurable diseases. Scientists might say these are fantastic explanations for phenomena people just didn't understand. Scientists will even dismiss spiritual phenomena as linguistic/translation errors (i.e. perhaps the words for fermenting alcohol could be translated as "turning water into wine.") Probably some of the tales were simply tales, but evidence of spiritual healing, psychic communication, and other phenomena *today* suggests that these events could have, in fact probably *did* transpire.

In order to explain these events scientifically, a scientist might offer an explanation that, when tested, doesn't work. So the event is discounted and called a myth or impossible, giving no credit to the spiritual explanation. For example, perhaps a person claims that someone levitated a book in front of them and explains how they did it, saying that they realized oneness with the universe and that lifting the book was merely an extension of lifting his/her hand. A scientist might say the nerve receptors in certain parts of the body agitated air molecules, forcing the book up. When this phenomenon cannot be replicated, the scientist discredits the idea completely, thinking the event never transpired, that it was an illusion. With a spiritual explanation we might understand the event more fully. Sometimes science erroneously discredits spirituality because it can't be proven with scientific evidence.

To understand spirituality you probably need spiritual evidence as opposed to scientific evidence. Spiritual evidence tends to come in more personal forms than scientific evidence. It comes in the form of testimony ("My best friend told me that he spoke to God"), eyewitness accounts ("I saw him levitate the book with my own two eyes"), and personal experience ("I meditated until I found enlightenment for myself.") These and other methods of spiritual proof need to be explored more before being discredited by modern science. It might help historians to understand why people have engaged in these methods of explanation for thousands of years.

I would like to reiterate to the scientists out

there: I'm not criticizing science's explanations or developments. They have been useful in the past years to improve people's lives. I use the technology science has supplied every day. (In fact, I use it right now as I type this piece.) I can hardly imagine a world without it, but it is necessary to accept that there are other ways of thinking and acting which are *equally* valid and important. Science works for some and spirituality for others. *Most make use of both.* I would like people to understand that both methods of explanation are so that the spiritual explanations are not abandoned for solely scientific ones.



Food Flight

BY JEFF SCHWABER

Josh was sitting in Mocon, eating his dinner and arguing over whose teacher was the worst—his French teacher, or Alex's math teacher. Unfortunately, Alex hadn't arrived yet, so it was a one-sided discussion. As he munched his way through a grilled cheese sandwich (his fifth this week, and it was only Tuesday), he noticed that something was different. Since it wasn't the Independent Ivy stickers posted on his table—they had been there yesterday, too—it must be the strange noise coming from the walls. He continued munching.

The throbbing noise and pulsing lights along the glass walls was normal, Josh said to himself as he continued to eat. But the intensity was more than Mocon usually served up with its meals. And it was increasing. Josh took a swig of Surge to wash down the artificial cheese and bread. The green fizzy stuff gave him great hallucinations sometimes.

Suddenly, there arose a wrenching noise, the most horrible he had heard, and with the arrival of the new noise, Josh didn't feel that the situation was quite right anymore. People were screaming in panic, and rushing to the emergency doors. Josh stood up and looked out the window. He was surprised by the vast amount of blue around.

"Weren't there trees there yesterday?" he wondered.

"Look down!" someone yelled as she ran by.

"Ah." Josh said, as he looked down and noticed the trees, Hewitt, and the rest of Wesleyan Campus far below. "Wonder what caused that." He took another swig of Surge. "Could be the Surge. Hmm. Maybe I should try the root beer." He returned to his seat and began eating his cake. As he was licking his fingers, someone ran by, shouting.

"We've been abducted by aliens!"

"I like it—we get to fly around up here and not go to classes anymore." Josh said. But then, before he

could continue his argument with the student who had already run away, his stomach complained that it was hungry, and Josh, who was used to eating at Itza more often than at Mocon, was faced with a daunting prospect: eating Mocon food until he landed again...

Meanwhile, down on the ground, Alex looked up in awe at the flying cafeteria. "That is awesome," he said as he looked around at the people who had been waiting for lunch.

"Dude, that means we can't have lunch anymore."

"Nah, Wes has to make some other place use meals now that Mocon's gone. Actually..." Alex looked thoughtful for a minute, then continued, "Actually, we're lucky. Wherever we eat now will be better than Mocon."

"You so sure?"

"Yeah." Alex was certain. After all, the administration couldn't let the freshmen starve, could they?

One hour later, Alex held the phone to his ear and listened to the Bulletin Broadcast from the administration. It was some dean explaining what had happened to Mocon, and telling people to stay away from the hole in case the cafeteria came back. Then the dean dropped the metaphorical other shoe.

"We at the administration recognize that Mocon, the main option of freshmen and anyone who didn't buy all points, has floated away. At the same time, though, we cannot allow other establishments to enter the meal plan until next semester at the earliest. Freshmen will merely have to make do until Mocon chooses to return. We'd like to—"

"#" Alex decided he'd had enough of that particular bureaucrat's voice, and skipped to the end and deleted the broadcasts. His mind was reeling with the implications of 700 students going to Itza and Summerfields.



MARXISM: THE OPIATE OF THE CRACKPOTS

By Daniel Dylan Young

**"You romanticize your heroes:
Lenin, Marx, and Mao --
But their ideas of freedom
Are just oppression now"
-- Crass, "Bloody Revolution"**

Not so long ago the Wesleyan campus hosted Leonard Weinglass, Mumia Abu-Jamal's defense attorney, to speak here at an event called "Bringing Human Rights Home." Outside the venue for the event a woman set up a table to solicit for the Spartacist League. For those who aren't familiar with this group, they are Trotskyist-style Communists. They sell and publish a newspaper called *The Workers' Vanguard* which interprets current events in order to fit into their convoluted theoretical political views.

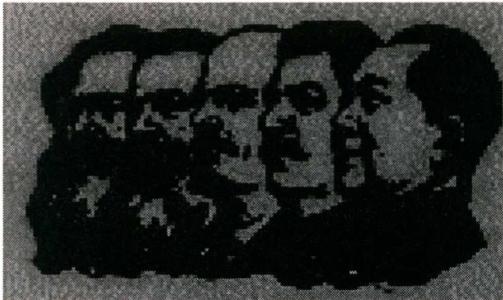
When I left the lecture I saw a friend of mine talking to the Spartacist women. Seeing me, he extricated himself from the situation and we walked away together. "Talking to the Commies?" I asked him.

"I don't know why I did that," he replied, "I put my name on their list and everything. Now I'm going to get their mailings, and I really don't want to see them. Not after what the Communists did to my people."

Because of the way he made this remark, I almost laughed—then I realized that he was quite serious. "My family only came to America because otherwise the rising Communist regime in their homeland would have killed them because of their class background. I know that these aren't the same Communists, but the Spartacists *would* defend regimes like that. I mean, they believe so fanatically in these Marxist ideas that weren't even completely right in Marx's own time. And they are certainly inaccurate when you try to apply them today."

While this interaction does beg the question of why my friend talked to the Spartacist woman in the first place, the important faults that it points out in

modern day extreme Communists cannot be ignored. Some might think that there is no point in wasting my breath criticizing groups like the Spartacists. Such groups can be easily dismissed as leftist fringe elements, small minorities of crazy, marginalized extremists. But the truth is that they are just people with good intentions making some very bad mistakes which we all can learn from. In fact, we *must* learn from them in order to avoid similar errors in the future.



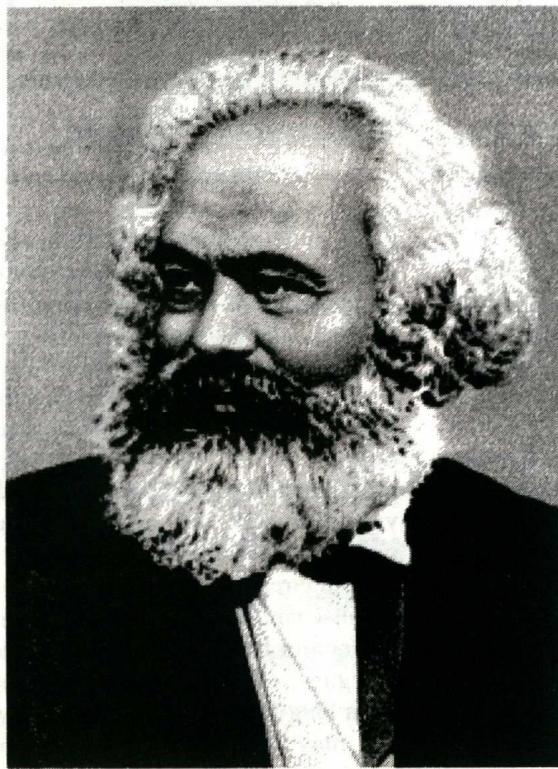
One of the main problems with these present day Marxists, Leninists, Trotskyists, Maoists, etc. is that they suffer from a historical blind spot the size of a Mack truck. They claim to be dedicated to liberty, fraternity and a classless society, and in the abstract I'm sure that they are. Yet somehow they have missed out on all the important insights which the last century has given us about what methods *don't* work towards achieving social revolution. They stick word for word to Marx's writings, like fundamentalists defending the Bible, and somehow forget that Marx was writing about 19th-century Europe, which had a distinctly different culture, class structure and level of technological advancement than America today. These Marxists also continue to ignore the one important factor which Marx left out of all his theories of the scientific socialism and revolution — the largely unpredictable nature of human psychology.

It is annoying when these so-called "Modern Communists" ignore the fact that Marx's ideas were incomplete in their own time and are now totally out of date in 1990's America. But it is absolutely *frightening* when they idealize leaders of nominally communist, authoritarian regimes whose power trips and disregard for human life produced some of the most horribly repressive governments and social institutions ever. Under Lenin's leadership the Soviet Union built up a bureaucracy which was actually more widespread and centralized than that which existed under the Czars. Lenin also crushed all dissent to this bureaucratic centralization which came from anar-

These present day Marxists, Leninists, Trotskyists, and Maoists suffer from a historical blind spot the size of a Mack truck.

chists, non-Bolshevik communist and socialist groups, trade unions and regional movements like that led by the Ukrainian outlaw and folk hero Nestor Makhno. Lenin's real legacy consisted of re-building the social foundations of authoritarian Russian bureaucracy which had fallen apart during the fury of the initial revolution. By the time he finished the stage was set for Stalin, and I hope that it isn't necessary for me to go into why he's not a good role model for modern day Communists. As for Trotsky, while he may have differed with Lenin and Stalin on some points of central planning, he was just as solidly behind bureaucratic centralization and suppression of dissent as they were.

In some ways I find Maoists the most annoying Communists of them all. This summer I got into a long discussion with one at *Revolution Books*, a Maoist bookstore off of Telegraph Avenue in downtown Berkeley. Though he claimed to have a working knowledge of the wonderful effects which Maoist theory has had in China, the main Chinese Communist event which he and his organization celebrated was the Cultural Revolution! I am no expert on modern Chinese history, but even from my slim background in the topic I know that those Chinese people who dare to say anything about the Cultural Revolution these days (most stay silent) denounce the period as a confused time when misunderstood ideas and hero worship of Mao erupted into cruel widespread chaos and mob violence. Even the current Chinese Communist



Karl Marx: No God -- Just another misused and misunderstood idol of the lost and confused

regime would never laud the Cultural Revolution like these Americans from the "Revolutionary Internationalist Movement" (many of whom I am sure have never been to China). The Cultural Revolution

was a time when Chairman Mao ordered Chinese youth to stop going to school and begin attacking their teachers, parents and schoolmates for any faults that they could find in their political background. Like most of Mao's policies the Cultural Revolution was

intended to attack and dissolve pre-Communist Chinese society through rapid, violent means, both physical and psychological. No amount of good

intentions can justify such horrible, bungling attempts to further the social revolution. And no amount of good works by American "Maoists" in their own country can justify the fact that they blindly worship the words of a man whose ego trips so ravaged his homeland. Of course, most of them will never even do the cross-cultural research necessary to begin to have an understanding of this.

No one who knows what Leninism, Trotskyism, Stalinism or Maoism really mean would ever want to see America turning towards them. But the silliest thing about groups like the Spartacists is that they don't even realize how ridiculously impossible such a turn would be. The ideas which they advance are totally foreign and incongruous to the places which they try to bring them into. If you really want to advance Communism, socialism or any kind of co-operative economic and social re-organization in America, you must find an historical basis for it in the culture of America itself.

I would like to see some kind of collective, co-operative social and economic re-organization take place in America, perhaps even something that might be called communism — but only if it is tempered with anti-authoritarian, libertarian and democratic tendencies. I am sure that there are many Wesleyan students whose political leanings lie somewhere in the same spectrum as my own. We must all remember that the struggle for these ideals is only hindered by people like the Spartacist League, who do not realize that the world has seen enough "vanguard parties" and "dictatorships of the proletariat." Silent tolerance of their views means allowing these crackpots to continue in their quest to repeat historical mistakes — instead we must engage these people in a dialogue

which will illuminate to them the incongruity of their views, and the possible alternatives to them. Hell, they just might make fantastic allies. They're certainly willing to put in long hours for no pay in order to help advance a cause.

TUNNELS: WESLEYAN'S ARCHITECTURAL SUBCONSCIOUS

by BRIAN EDWARDS - TIEKERT

"I got out of a show in the '92 and went to the basement of the chapel to pee. I saw this door open down there, and I poked my head through. It was the tunnels, but older than any I've seen before. They were real hot, and there were these giant pipes running next to my head; you could hear machinery through the walls, and the place was like *throbbing*. Twenty minutes later I came up in a boiler room, opened a door, and I was in Olin. I went back down and started walking back. I saw this ladder off the side, there was a manhole cover at the top. I climbed it, lifted it up, stuck my head through, and I was outside, somewhere behind Olin, staring right at Public Safety."

If you've been on campus more than a week, you've heard about the tunnels—"They can take you anywhere on campus," someone says. "I heard there's one that goes all the way to the Connecticut River," another chimes in. "I heard there were people living down there." "They found a mummy down there, I think." "I heard they made LSD for the Dead under WestCo."

The tunnels are the Wesleyan underground, the twisted mess of hallways, service corridors, storage tombs, and humming machinery that writhe beneath the surface of everything we do at Wesleyan.

They are Wesleyan's challenge to students: conquer my frontiers, discover my history, probe my myths and legends. Behind each locked door lies a world of possibility, so each lock becomes a test of will; sealed store-rooms and furniture graveyards are time-capsules for a university that never throws anything away. The layered slogans, poetry, murals, tags, and petty rants of generations of students are an evolving history of creative vandalism at Wesleyan. Shadowy hallways extend through countless legends, and each trip through the convoluted corridors gives birth to even more convoluted stories. If there is any space on campus that students can claim as their own, these are it.

The graffiti decor marks the tunnels as student domain, the dismantled locks defy those who would keep them bound, and the stories that circulate campus record their history as the site of student adventure, folly, and debauchery in a rich (and often embellished) oral tradition.

These hallowed halls have a peculiar effect on those who would lay claim to them—some call it tunnel fever. Any clean-cut well-behaved frosh that comes across

an open door into the graffiti-washed hallways beneath his/her dorm immediately turns to thoughts of lock-

picks and crowbars. It's an explorer's complex: suddenly you're Columbus, Magellan, Neil Armstrong—mapping the unknown, pushing the limits of myth and mystery, claiming new territories and, yes, plundering everything in sight. First comes the drive to chart every dingy corner of the poorly-lit tunnels you've discovered—no matter what it takes, you'll get through every door Physical Plant had the temerity to lock. Satisfied with your prowess, you may feel the urge to mark the your new territory with magic markers and spray-paint. Finally, the kleptomania sets in: you take home broken circuit boards because they look cool, padlocks because you managed to pick them; you 'liberate' armchairs and bookshelves from physical plant's furniture morgues, take 50-year-old copies of the blue book from long-forgotten file storage. If you're lucky enough you may come across a store-room full of old books and vintage clothing that the class of 197—entrusted to physical plant for the summer—suddenly you're looting faster than a Yale archaeologist in a Mayan tomb.

This is the birth of a new student, driven to explore the forbidden, dismantle barriers, and look behind every locked door simply because it's locked. You're part of a tunnel-generated culture of resistance. Private Property loses all meaning in the tunnels—if it's not in use, it's anyone's. Each locked door is an

injustice, and the battle-lines are clearly drawn: it's you against whoever installs the locks. You'll confront the deadbolts, padlocks, and silent alarms that are the symbols of authority—and you will overcome.

The tunnels breed champion thieves. When the Douglas Cannon was returned to the students last year, one student vented his frustration: "I was sure that they were keeping it in the safe in the basement of Public Safety. I'd been sneaking down there through the tunnels at night, trying out every combination in order. I was almost halfway through, and the bastards went and gave it away!"

A walk under WestCo is a course in burglary. You'll come across doors with four or more foiled locks that have been foiled in as many ways. First students dismantle the key-lock and pry it out of the door. Physical plant welds a steel chain above the mangled doorknob and applies a padlock. Students cut or saw off the chain. Physical Plant responds with a hinged lock mounting that's impossible to cut. Students pry these off with crowbars. If they decide they really need to keep the room locked, the boys of Physical Plant will install a new metal door with a two inch deadbolt. In at least one place, tunnelers have ripped such doors entirely out of their frames.

As often as not, there's nothing terribly important behind these doors. Physical Plant just locks things up out of habit, and students break in because—you guessed it—the room was locked.

Tunnel graffiti is the most extreme on Wesleyan's campus, owing to the peculiar nature of the space. Even though almost anyone might read the graffiti written in the tunnels, it's not a public forum—no-one can admit publicly that they were in a position to read it. Every comment is scrawled in complete confidence between author and reader. Every wall-artist has complete freedom of expression, no matter how violent, offensive, or debauched the sentiments s/he expresses.

The intrepid tunneler finds him/herself privy to the working of the campus' collective id, assaulted by slogans that would incite riots if they were written anywhere else.



Even Homophobes feel safe in the tunnels.
Photo: Ben Oppenheim

slogans that would incite riots if they were written anywhere else. They cover every pole of politics, from swastikas, rape stories (from the rapist's point of view), and homophobic slurs ("AIDS is God's Wrath, die Faggots!") to anarchy signs, flowery poetry, and militant feminist declamations: "Have a nice day rapists: because CASTRATION IS COMING SOON TO YOU."

Sexual graffiti abounds. It's hard to see what anyone could find arousing about a hot, dark tunnel that throbs with the sound of machinery, but there's more here than in a stall at the YMCA. There's propositions ("If you want your Dick sucked to the limit please call me afternoons or evenings @ 267-9667"), astute observations ("DIKES SUCK, HOMOS TAKE IT UP THE ANUS") and narratives that would make a QA chalk-jockey blush ("I love my cock covered in a spermy/K.Y./Shitty mix. Make 'em lick it clean!").

The colorful walls have an artistic component: rants, murals, and even long stories scribbled around campus in installations. El Wes, "International Crusader for freedom, justice, and cheap thrills," enjoys celebrity status under WestCo, while Tim and his Cat prowl the Butterfield tunnels.

There's a utilitarian component too: lost and found messages, directions scribbled on the pipes in the maintenance-corridors under college row and coded advice like the rhyme printed in the telephone nexus under Foss 2: "Roses are red, boxes are BLUE, now you can make phone calls without paying you-know-who!"

While mapping the tunnels, you'll slowly realize that the myths are wrong—you *can't* get anywhere on campus from anywhere else. It's true that

there's some type of tunnel system attached to nearly every institutional building on campus—Wesleyan's architects seem to have had a romantic affair with narrow corridors and secret passages—but they don't all connect. The WestCo tunnels attach to Nicolson and nothing else. The Butterfield tunnels are self-contained. The CFA connects to the CFA, period. The tunnels under College Row connect to Olin, Clark, and the Science Center—they send pipes to other parts of cam-



"TunnelArts" room under Butterfield

Photo: Jessica Fantz

pus, but those are the only buildings you can walk to.

All the buildings in the CFA are attached underground, and that space is very much in use—it hosts scene shops, costume shops, dressing rooms, and other spaces. Also open are the somewhat gratuitous tunnels between buildings that are already pretty close together—the tunnel that connects the bottom of the Alumni Athletic Center to the basement of Fayerweather Gym, for instance. There's tunnels connecting the basement of the Science Center to Hall Atwater and Shanklin—they're open, they make a great place to play hide and go seek, but they don't seem to serve any pressing need.

The ancient tunnels that connect all the old brownstones to Olin and the Science Center were never intended as anything more than maintenance corridors. They're barely tall enough to walk in, they're crowded by hot asbestos-wrapped pipes, and the floor tends to collect water when it's raining. These are easily the spookiest tunnels at Wesleyan. The wall sized confession under Olin—"I DID IT ALL The office, the boathouse; the shootings; and Malcolm X.—Haddad 1990."—doesn't help any. The College Row tunnels also win the "Where the hell am I now?" award—you can wander into the basement of the Science Center and come out of a man-hole in Andrus Field; you could go down through Clark, trip the alarms in Olin, and then come out next to Public Safety in the basement of North College.

Probably the highest-profile tunnels on campus are those under WestCo and the Butterfield Complex. Both were intended for student use when they were built. There's access from the bottom of every stairwell in those dorms, though most sections were locked off because of safety concerns. Opportunistic students invaded, graffitied the walls, floor, and ceiling, and made the tunnels the stuff

of legends.

The halls of the Butterfield Tunnels, sectioned off by locking steel wire gates (in keeping with the riot-proof dorm model), are the more extensive of the two. They're also in better shape—sections still play host to working laundry rooms, offices, meeting rooms, and the Kosher Kitchen. The halls in use are clean, well-lit, and graffiti-free.

The WestCo tunnels are wetter, funkier, and have better graffiti—they're completely locked off except for the WestCo Cafe. WEShop uses a section of the tunnels under Foss 2 for loading and storage. Four years ago two students broke into the Ben and Jerry's freezer in the tunnels and bagged a two weeks' supply—a two weeks' supply for the entire campus. They walked the

halls of WestCo throwing six-pint packs of ice cream in every open door.

As for the mythical tunnel to the Connecticut River—*Hermes* researchers have been unable to verify or disprove this legend, but we can flesh out its foundations: before the civil war, the underground railroad ran through this corner of Middletown (thus the 'Freedom Trail' signs on route 66), and the going story is that the Russell Family had a tunnel to shuttle fugitive slaves from the basement of what is now Russell House to boats headed north on the Connecticut River. Some claim that the tunnel may also have been used in the opium trade, which is where the family made its fortune, and where a considerable chunk of our endowment comes from. Sources claim the tunnel is partially collapsed. We can only assume that if there were tunnel access to the Connecticut River from Russell house, most of it would be through Middletown's storm drains. We do know this: In the basement of Russell House there is a large metal door built into an exterior wall facing east that has no fewer

Wesleyan has a pathological fear of throwing anything out. There's rooms stacked to the ceiling with ancient files—transcripts of students who graduated fifty years ago, memos from departments that no longer exist, hundred-year-old annual reports on Swine Plague from the National Department of Agriculture.

than four locks on it.

What'll you find down in the tunnels? The tunnels under the dorms are mostly used for storage these days. Wesleyan has a pathological fear of throwing

It's true that there's some type of tunnel system attached to nearly every institutional building on campus—Wesleyan's architects seem to have had a romantic affair with narrow corridors and secret passages—but they don't all connect.

anything out. There's rooms stacked to the ceiling with ancient files—transcripts of students who graduated fifty years ago, memos from departments that no longer exist, early mimeographed versions of the Blue Book, hundred-year-old annual reports on swine plague from the National Department of Agriculture. Physical Plant maintains several graveyards for furniture that is either broken or non-standard—i.e. desks and bookshelves that students brought to campus and then left in their rooms at the end of the year. Under Butterfield B, there's a room with nothing but piles of ancient twelve-line receptionist phones that don't work. Some are labeled "no ringer;" some are labeled "no dialtone;" some are lying in pieces on the floor.

There's a number of retired student storage rooms—spaces like those currently in use under Nicolson. Every few years Physical Plant gives birth to a new one by changing the locks on the doors to a large, empty room in the tunnels. Students stash extra books and clothing, lamps and office supplies in these rooms at the end of the year. As often as not, they never come back for them. Physical Plant wouldn't presume to remove student affairs left in their care, so over a period of years the orphaned typewriters, car-

pets, fire-hazards and mini-fridges eat up all the space. At that point there's nothing to do but move on. In a few years students figure out a way to get into the room—the clothing has become trendily retro, the appliances still work, and the books are

still on syllabi. After the room has been suitably plundered and the students have turned what was once orderly storage into a knee-deep mess of ripped-apart cardboard boxes, Physical Plant finally throws everything out, replaces the mangled lock on the door, and starts over again.

Another thing you'll find in the tunnels is the abandoned shells of dead programs and student spaces. Signs on rooms under Butterfield (some painted over) announce facilities it's hard to imagine these days: "Game Room," "Pottery Studio," "Ceramics." Yes, Wesleyan used to have a Ceramics major. WestCo used to have a laundry room under Foss 4 (instead of taking up half its lounge). The Butterfield dorms used to have *kitchens* in their basements—now they just have locked rooms with wood cabinets, broken stoves, and 40-year-old mammoth refrigerators. Shake your head and mutter 'what a waste' under your breath as you pocket your lockpicks and move on.

Stranger still, you'll sometimes find relics of Wesleyan's Natural History Museum. Back when the sciences were more oriented toward itemizing and cataloguing the works of nature, all of Judd Hall was home to an extensive collection of Triassic fossil fish,

El Wes:

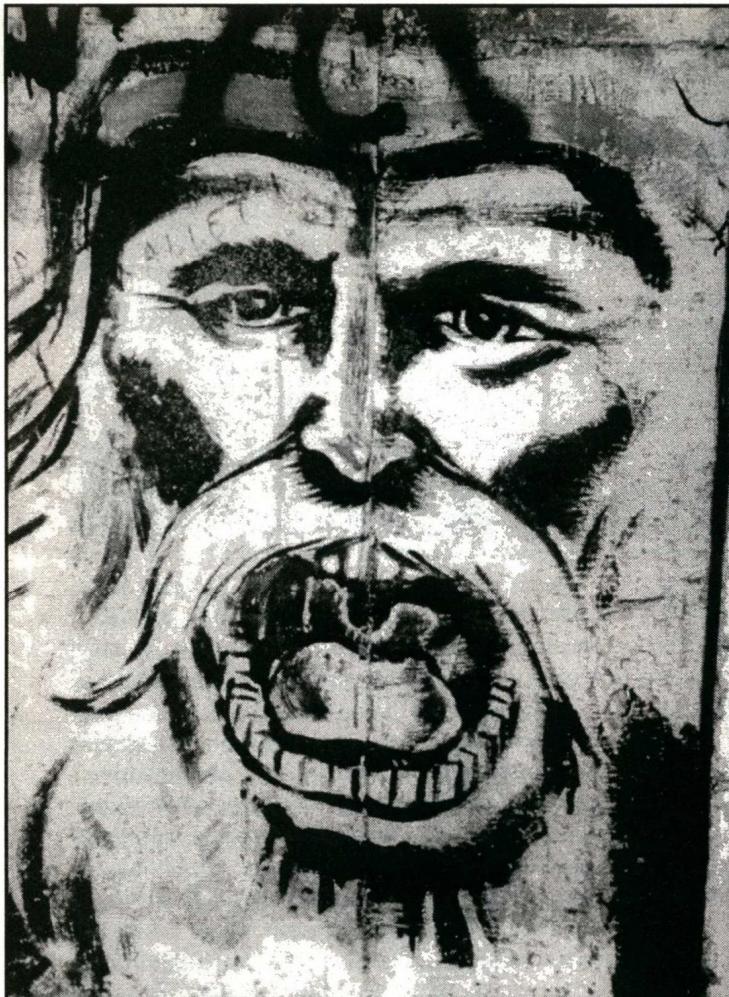
El Wes is a character whose life story is recorded in installments around the WestCo Tunnels. Many of these entries have been at least partially painted over, but *Hermes* researchers managed to recover a couple passages intact:

EL WES lit up a Lucky Strike without asking and looked at his boss. Oscar Goldman, he knew, was still furious that he had lost his old government job the "The 6 Million Dollar Man" was canceled. But why, thought EL WES between puffs, had the aging Jewish spy come to work here, at Amnesty International? He hadn't even known that the organization dabbled in espionage at all until they had recruited him out of his small, frighteningly insulated liberal Arts Career and started sending him around the world to free political prisoners. It was dangerous but they paid well, and the benefits were good. "Here," said Oscar, handing El Wes the mirror. "This is to celebrate your success in Uganda. Try not to Hoover it all this time." El Wes grinned, it was fun to be a mercenary sometimes.

The corpse of the Chilean torture-master was still twitching as El Wes freed the prisoner-of-conscience from his bonds and helped him to his feet. "Dammit," he muttered. "What's wrong?" asked the prisoner. "The bastard bled all over my new suit," said El Wes, and he gave the corpse a heavy kick with a black and white leather golf shoe.

Once aboard El Wes' yacht (service issue), the prisoner-of-conscience fell asleep out of exhaustion and relief. El Wes sat and chain-smoked on the foredeck. Hell's bells, he thought, how much longer can I do this alone? No amount of speed can keep me on this schedule. He took a gulp from a scotch + soda and stared out to sea. There must be an answer, must be some way that I can keep crusading for freedom, justice, and inexpensive drugs." He looked down at his hopelessly stained Zoot suit and cursed the Chilean guard's impropriety again.

Then it came to him All at once, like a thunderbolt from Olympus, the rush hit his head like a fine dose of LSD and he had his answer . . . A sidekick, he would find a sidekick. Why the hell not?—Batman had one. El Wes knew he too must find a youthful ward.

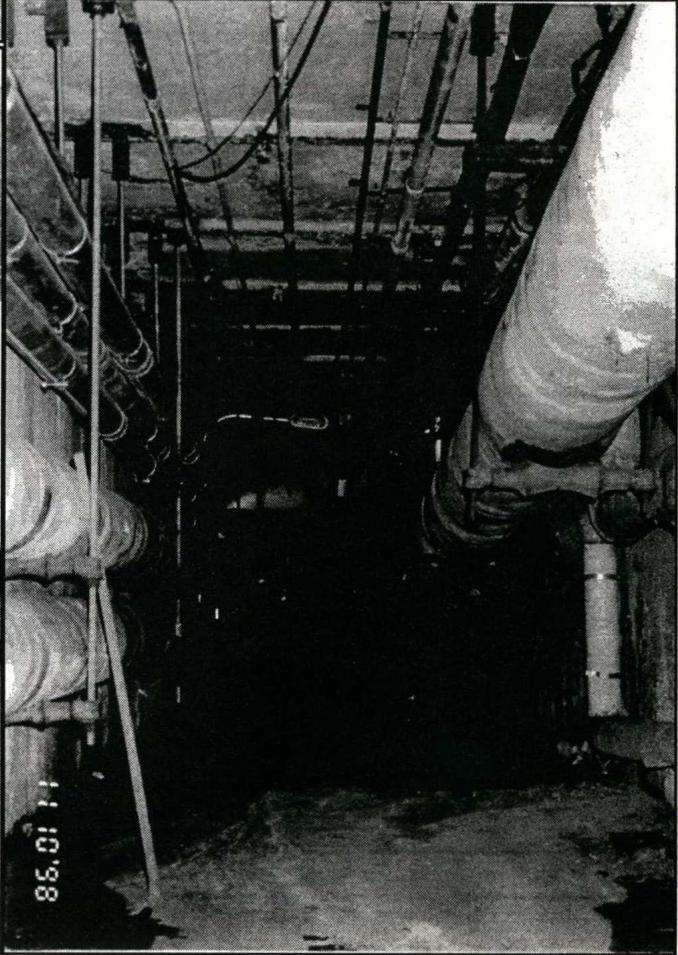
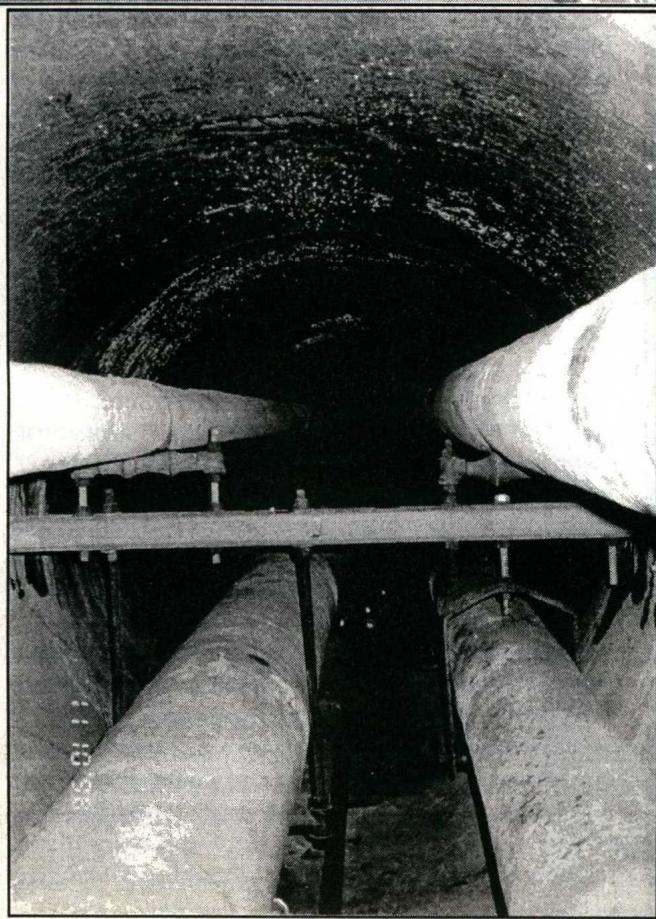
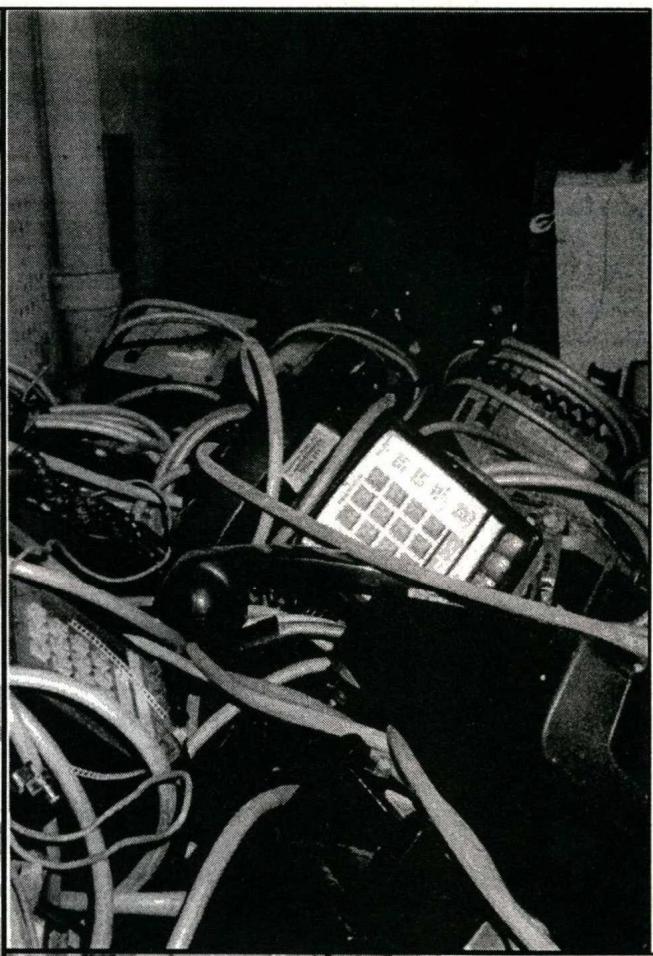
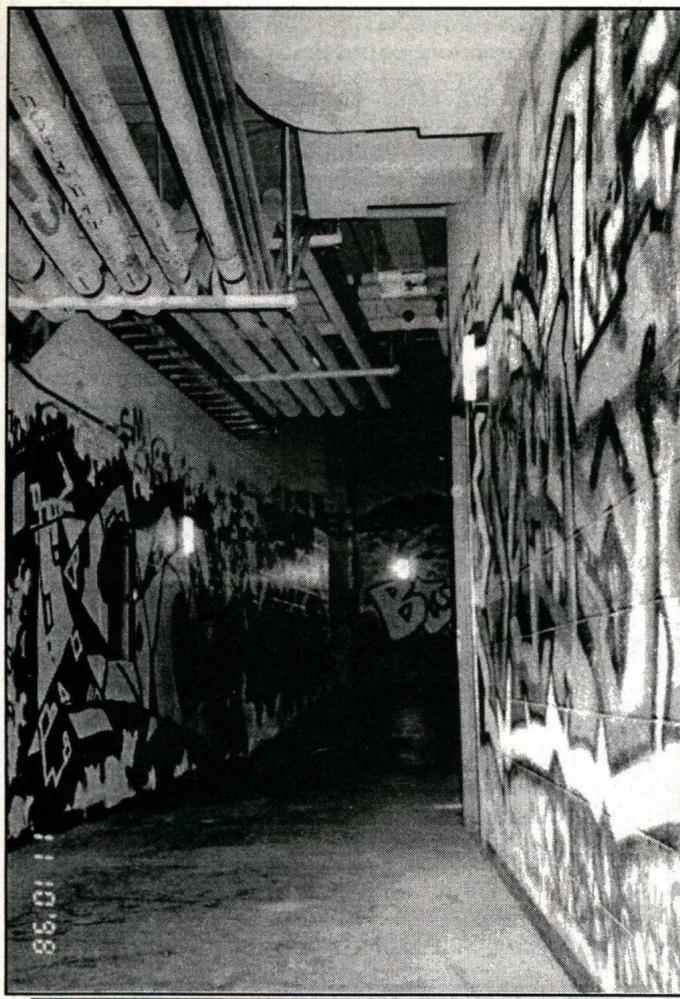


Tunnels!

Left Page:
WestCo Graffiti
Photos:
Ben Oppenheim

Right Top Left:
Butterfield Tunnels
Right Bottom:
Tunnels under College
Row
Photos:
Jessica Fantz

Right Top Right:
The 'Telephone
Graveyard'
Photo:
Hermes Archives





stuffed marsupials, exotic mineral formations, and archeological treasures plundered from tombs by former professors (a la Indiana-Jones). When the museum was shut down in 1957, the collections were stashed in "temporary" storage locations around campus—often unlabeled—and forgotten. Many of them wound up in the tunnels. Under WestCo there's a room with a metal desk full of pre-historic shells and plaster casts of dinosaur vertebrae. Somewhere under Butterfield C, there's crates of Mica and Pyrite next to stacks of 30-year-old teacher evaluation forms. Most students take home the smaller things they find and play pranks with the larger ones—in the 1970s a stuffed camel appeared in Olin library; a few years later a frosh found an Egyptian mummy lying in his bed. If you come across something that looks like it's from the museum in the tunnels give a call to Prof. Carla Antonnaccio. She's been restoring artifacts and piecing the collections back together for years.

Defining what constitutes "the tunnels" at Wesleyan is difficult. They're more than the sum of the subterranean passages on campus. Ask students the

first thing that comes to mind when you say 'tunnels' and they'd probably name the graffiti-covered hallways under WestCo and the Butterfields, even if some of them used the corridors under the CFA every day. They might agree that there's an open tunnel from the basement of the Science Center to Hall Atwater, but would deny that it's part of "the tunnels." They'd probably lump the maintenance shafts that connect College Row to Olin and the Science Center under "the tunnels," but they wouldn't claim to be tunneling when they walk the passage from the Alumni Athletic Center to Fayerweather. Strangely enough, some students consider the penthouse floor of the Science Center "the tunnels," even though it's the highest point in Middletown. For those who've walked between its hills of junked computers, used books, broken furniture, and thirty year old model kits, it's easy to see the connection to some of the abandoned storage rooms under Butterfield.

There are a few defining characteristics. "The tunnels" are locked. Getting in makes you feel a little like a bad-ass. They're empty, unused. You know you won't be disturbed. They've been abandoned by the powers-that-be. You get the feeling that they belong to anybody—your claim is as good as anyone else's. They should be old, like a mausoleum. Being down there makes you feel like part of a Wesleyan that doesn't change.

It's a simply irony that what puts the tunnels in the public domain is the fact that they're locked off. There's no authority attached to a space that's been abandoned. "You are the Rules" reads graffiti under Butterfield B. Even the homophobes and rapists feel free to express themselves.

More than anyplace else on campus, they're student territory. University employees only go down to fix things and chase kids. Students spend far more time underground. They've claimed every square foot of wall space with slogans, tags, and bad poetry. It's almost a point of honor to keep as many doors unlocked (or locks disabled) as possible. If you can get down there at all, then the tunnels are open to you 24 hours a day—unlike every other student space on campus.

It's not uncommon for students to carve out their own corner of the tunnels. Students have taken over party rooms, seance chambers, and band practice space. Under the chapel there's a brick room ringed with arm-chairs that looks like it's played host to more than one secret society. Under Butterfield C there's a room whose walls are painted entirely by one artist and dedicated to 'Tunnelarts.' And under Nicolson there's a room covered from wall to wall with foam mattresses, an armchair, and a lamp.

Last year, public safety caught a girl from WestCo down there. She made a habit of going down there to practice music, had gone so far as to put her own lock on the room—she was so comfortable she'd was sleeping with her flute in hand when they found her.

Graffiti Call:

Nicolson:

Skinhead for Skinhead, not skinhead for racism.
A woman without a man is a Happy Woman
Consider this: Man is used by DNA to make more DNA!
Pattie Hearst is Alive and hiding on this campus.

WestCo:

If you deal Crack or Crystal Meth, Go Away. Only Gentle Trippers Allowed here.
The Sleep of Reason Produces Monsters
If you want your dick sucked to the limit please call me afternoons or evenings @ 267-9667
Murder is a crime, but writing about it isn't. Sex isn't a crime, but writing about it is.
Post-Thrill Nuke Freaks Looking for a Kick!
Post-Thrill Nike Kicks Looking for a Freak!
Idle Wealthy Brats Looking for a Fix.
Work hard, trust in God, + keep your bowels open.

—Oliver Cromwell

Attention 4/27/89

Lost 1 purple ankle sock, return to foss 222 (Stef)
Reward!

YOU CLOWNS HAVE ONE WEEK TO GET THESE TUNNEL WALLS SPOTLESS!

I Shot Regan (sic)

I've had it w/ reality—I want a fairy godmother.

Butterfield:

God is Dead —Nietzsche
Nietzsche is Dead —God
God + Nietzsche are both dead. —Norman Mailer
God Never Lived, but Nietzsche is dead —John.
I was just playing dead so Nietzsche would say things about me!! —God

Two years ago an underground group called "The Art Terrorists" built a junkart studio in an abandoned room under Butterfield B—they set up counters, schlepped in abandoned televisions, broken stereo systems, tubing, wires, and hoses, and set to work. Soon they were bombing campus with sculptures that looked so good the ground screw didn't dismantle them for weeks.

Students have re-opened spaces in the tunnels through semi-official channels as well. The student darkroom under Butterfield was closed for decades before four years of struggle re-opened it this semester. The WestCo Cafe, which was shut down after ARA took over campus dining services in the late 1980s, was resurrected five years ago by students who broke into it and started holding underground openmics and coffeehouses. Later it was officially opened and renovated.

The tunnels may seem like a lawless frontier, but there are certain rules of etiquette. Try not to destroy things—as validating as it may feel to rip off a lock, it's a lot more challenging to pick it or work around it, and a lot less work for whoever has to fix it. By all means feel free to take things that look like they've just been left there to rot for all of eternity, but if there's any sign that they're actually *in use*, that's when 'liberation' crosses the line into plain old stealing. When you're rooting through dead storage, try not to leave a mess. Remember: no-one should ever know you were there (unless you feel like scrawling something on the wall).

There's a certain amount of karmic justice involved: if you break a lock, they're going to put a bigger one on. If you steal *their* stuff (i.e. if you take tools from a Physical Plant repair room) then they're going to try to catch you. If you leave a place messy, and they have to clean up after you, they'll try keep you out of it in the future. Poor plundering etiquette equals less plundering.

Three years ago you could take the service elevator up to the Science Center's penthouse floor. Plundering students left a big enough mess that Physical Plant put a key-lock on the elevator panel. When students found a way to get through the stairwell door and left an even bigger mess, the powers that be (read: the poor guy who had to clean up) changed the locks and posted a sign chiding the burglars, not for stealing, but for leaving a mess. He footnoted it with the remark that they were welcome to most of the contents of the room if they would go down to the machine shop during business

hours and ask to be taken up there.

Yes, Physical Plant should realize that every time they lock a door to something that doesn't really need to be locked off they're just creating a two-hour project for someone procrastinating on a paper. But students should remember that every lock they break and room they tear up will just make somebody's job harder, and probably make that room harder to get into in the future.

A final rule of thumb: if anywhere in your journeys you come across a key, especially a key that says "Do Not Copy," DO NOT THROW IT AWAY. No matter how many years you've spent unsuccessfully sticking it into locks around campus, it's still worth something. If you can't think of anything better to do with it drop it by the *Hermes* office (in the WSA Building, 190 High St., upstairs)—we'll figure something out.



At MIT, exploring the intricate tunnel system has become such a tradition that there's an official underground 'hacking community' that publishes its own guide to lockpicking (<http://www.lysator.liu.se/mit-guide>). They include a section on ethics, telling students how to hack responsibly. Here's their list of rules:

- Be SUBTLE — leave no evidence that you were ever there. (This is a general rule which applies to lots of circumstances — a few are enumerated explicitly in this list, but many principles follow from this simple edict)
- Leave things as you found them (or better).
 - If you find something broken call F-IXIT (a local number for reporting problems with the buildings and grounds — Hackers often go places the normal institute workers do not frequent regularly and hence may see problems before the workers do).
 - Leave no damage.
 - Do not steal anything.
 - Brute force is the last resort of the incompetent.
 - Do not hack while under the influence of alcohol/drugs/etc.
 - Do not drop things (off a building w/out a ground crew).
 - Do not hack alone (just like swimming).
 - Exercise COMMON SENSE. (This is another general rule with very wide applicability — when exploring, you are often in places which were not intended for normal traffic. The people who built the area may not have assumed anyone would be there without special knowledge of the area. Many of the assumptions you are used to making are not valid or applicable while hacking. It is very important that you stay alert and think clearly.)

More than anything else, these point out some of the glaring differences between MIT students and those at Wesleyan, but they also make a few good points. It doesn't hurt to pay a little respect to the space you're tunneling in.

POTTED POISON IVY

STUDENT ACTIVISTS FIGHT INVASIVE FOLIAGE

By DAVE McDougall

Wesleyan is the "Independent Ivy." At least, that's the image that the department of admissions would like to portray to the people who will be joining our school next September. The only problem is that the students here now seem to agree that we're NOT the Independent Ivy, that we've got more to offer than such a limiting name can ever demonstrate. As a result, the admissions office has been accused of everything from wishful thinking to intentional misrepresentation, and a student committee has even been formed to counteract the Independent Ivy propaganda campaign.

The student group (officially called "Poison Ivy"), headed by Seniors Greg Brodsky and Scott Cavanaugh, hopes to eliminate the slogan through student pressure. Brodsky and Cavanaugh ordered the initial batch of one thousand orange stickers proclaiming "I do not attend the Independent Ivy," which were then distributed to students to wear and put up around campus. While most of the stickers were taken down by the next morning, the group considers that it served as a first step toward awareness of student sentiment. The group has been officially registered with the WSA, and their plan of action includes increasing the administration's awareness of student dissent as well as giving information to prefrosh who come to visit Wesleyan on the open house days. Last Monday, during the admissions open house for prefrosh, a booth was set up outside of admissions with refreshments for the prefrosh, orange stickers amended to say "I Will Not Attend the Independent Ivy," and students to explain the issue to prefrosh and their parents. Also, students put up posters in their dorm rooms with slogans like "The Independent Ivy: Providence 2 Hours East," "Independent Ivy? Hell No!" and "Fuck the Independent Ivy." Added to that, sheets of paper quoting Catcher in the Rye were taped up all over campus, comparing Wes to the "phony" Ivy League.

One of the many arguments against the

Independent Ivy slogan is that the University, by accepting the slogan, admits that it considers itself inferior to an Ivy League education. According to Brodsky: "It shows that Wesleyan is insecure about its identity and brand image." Students feel that Wesleyan offers so much that there is no need to try to associate ourselves with other schools to prove ourselves. Most students agree that coming to Wesleyan

was not a decision based on the prestige factor, which is what this new slogan is appealing to. "A lot of people came here not to go to an Ivy," said Ben Spatz '01. Is it possible that we've gotten so bad at being Wesleyan that we need to try to be Dartmouth or Princeton? Wesleyan in the past has been strong enough to define its own path, but now it feels the need to follow the road set by those factory schools that don't educate as well as they try to impress people by waving their diplomas in the air.

Wesleyan's new slogan proclaims our school to be "the Independent Ivy." What does that slogan really mean? Trying to convince incom-

Dean of Admissions Barbara-Jan Wilson stated that "you want to be associated [with the Ivy League], but you want to be slightly different."

For the Wesleyan community, slightly doesn't appear to be different enough.

ing frosh that they'll be attending the best "wannabe Ivy" in America is embarrassing as well as a gross misrepresentation. We're all at Wes because it's a terrific education - to compare us to other schools shouldn't be necessary. We're a school in our own right. If you want, tell the class of '03 that we tend to be liberal leaning; we're active in social service; you can interact with professors from day one; we have a beautiful campus full of thoughtful individuals. One sophomore tried to decipher the meaning of the slogan: "What it means is that we're elitist, but we're not actually a part of the club. It shouldn't be like 'I want to go to an Ivy, but I didn't get in, so I'm going to Wesleyan.' That seems to be the strategy that was adopted when consultant Mark Edwards was hired last year to come up

with a new slogan for admissions literature. The idea behind the "Independent Ivy" concept was to get prospective students to associate Wesleyan with images of success. One of the major bones of contention between administration and students is whether "Ivy" means success or has other connotations.

For many, images of the Ivies brings to mind TAs

Wesleyan in the past has been strong enough to define its own path, but now it feels the need to follow the road set by those factory schools that don't educate as well as they try to impress people by waving their diplomas in the air.

speaking to filled lecture halls, having to fulfill general requirements, and the kind of pressure-cooker atmosphere that tends to isolate the students from the outside world. In the words of one Frosh, "I came to Wes so that professors would teach my classes, I'd have the freedom to choose my own curriculum, and I'd find an open minded student body with broad social concerns." Comparing Wesleyan to the Ivies is unfair because it downgrades the school to another diploma factory. "People around here don't think that that's what Wesleyan is about," said Brodsky, "It's going to attract people who have a different view of what this college is about." Comparing Wes with the Ivies defeats what many were trying to avoid with the decision to come here in the first place. Dean of Admission Barbara-Jan Wilson mentioned that high school seniors

associated images of "Ivy" with academic success. She also stated that "you want to be associated [with the Ivy League], but you want to be slightly different." For the Wesleyan community, slightly doesn't appear to be different enough.

Of course, not all students have strong opinions on the slogan. There has been a growing trend towards apathy, as a significant number of students think the issue is not important. "I can see how people would be worried about giving the wrong impression about the school," said a sophomore, "but I honestly think it's not that bad." While some simply don't care how admissions represents the school, others think that there are more pressing issues to take action. The "anti-Independent Ivy" movement has taken criticism for being too self-centered

in their concerns, with so many important things to worry about on a national and international scale. Many think that the slogan is insignificant, even if it isn't completely accurate. According to one frosh: "To put that much stock in a slogan . . . prospective students should be learning about the school itself. It's just not that big of a deal."

No matter how many students actually do care, it may not make any difference. "If students said to me: 'What would it take to change the slogan?'" said Barbara-Jan Wilson, ". . . my sense is we feel we should try this out for two years and see if it is a good way of portraying Wesleyan." And if the decision-makers think that it is, we'll be the Independent Ivy from now on.

Sure we're independent. But Ivy? No way.

Wesleyan: Williams On the Highway?

by Laura Clawson



In order to best understand the utter stupidity that produced everyone's favorite slogan, it's a good idea to understand why the administration felt we needed a slogan to begin with. Wesleyan apparently suffers from two major problems when it comes to getting good high school students to apply: people haven't heard of it or people don't associate it with success.

We all know about the first problem and about all the other schools with similar names that confuse the issue. The second problem wouldn't have occurred to me, but it seems that, while students who have heard of Wesleyan associate it with diversity and artiness, challenging academics and successful athletic teams don't spring to mind. I can't really argue with the latter—when I'm in the gym and I see the sign that

says "What have you done to win the Little 3?" I can't help but think "transferred to Amherst or Williams"—but I'm truly mystified by the former. I mean, *Brown*, land of spoiled rich kids, has a better academic reputation than *Wesleyan*?

Faced with this problem, the administration and their marketing consultant decided that, instead of publicizing what we do well, Wesleyan needed to associate itself with success. In a hot competition, "the independent ivy" won out over "Williams on the highway" and "Brown, only more difficult to buy your way into." It doesn't seem to have occurred to them that trying to associate yourself with success tells everyone that you aren't successful, even if they previously thought that you were. If Princeton started to publicize

itself as "a lot like Harvard," people wouldn't think, "yeah, what a great place." They'd think, "Princeton must really be in trouble if they can't stand on their own merits."

There are many, many reasons to hate the slogan; I think we all have two or three favorites. I didn't want to go to college with my high-school classmates who went to the teacher to argue every half-point on every test so that they could get into Harvard, or with my classmate who spent days sobbing hysterically

It doesn't seem to have occurred to the administration that trying to associate yourself with success actually tells everyone that you aren't successful.

because she didn't get into Harvard and had to settle for a full scholarship from Columbia. My first year here, my high-school friend who went to Harvard argued to me that we all choose our college based in large part on how prospective employers will view our diplomas. He said that this was certainly part of the reason he had chosen Harvard, and asked me if I honestly thought Wesleyan was the place I'd get the best education, as opposed to a diploma that would get me a good job. My answer is still yes.

WESLEYAN: THE INDEPENDENT IVORY TOWER?

BY DAN DYLAN YOUNG

Wesleyan — The Independent Ivy? My first reaction is great, sure, whatever. If you want encapsulate this school in a couple of advertising buzzwords, then those 3 are as good as any others. I have no illusions that the Wesleyan administration are particularly enlightened. Their vision of a future Wesleyan seems mainly to center around a better football team, age-segregated dorms, and more alumni becoming fat-cat conservative corporate executives and financial consultants who will give back moolah to the school in liberal quantities. I mean, heh, they're running a business here!

With just a little more thought I come to see that opposing the new slogan could be part of a larger movement of student opposition towards the administration's schemes. But the folks engaged in such an opposition

need to be careful not to lose their sense of perspective. Wesleyan itself is just a symptom of the larger society which we live in. If you're going to take a stand against the administration's plans to turn Wesleyan into a diploma factory, then you also need to realize that such plans are only small aspects of a much larger social trend. And there's always the very

important consideration of whether elitist enclaves of wealth and culture like Wesleyan should exist at all. If those who fight so fiercely against a 3 word slogan lose sight of these larger issues, than their efforts will be nothing more than mental masturbation up here in our "independent" ivory tower.

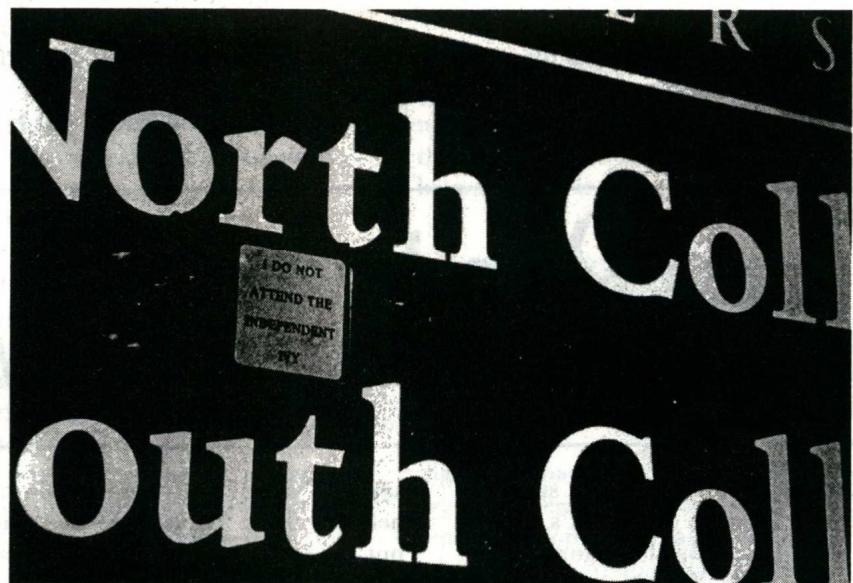


Photo by Jessica Fantz



JEKYLL AND HYDE

The two faces of U.S. abortion law

In Texas a young woman died after an unsterilized catheter had been inserted into her vagina to induce an illegal abortion. Within twenty-four hours she was dead.

In Kansas a woman gave herself a Drano douche to abort her fetus. She suffered renal shutdown, uterine sepsis, fever, and shock. She needed massive plastic surgery and a hysterectomy.

In South Carolina a woman had her vagina packed with gauze after she had an illegal abortion with unwashed and unsterilized instruments. She began hemorrhaging and needed a hysterectomy to save her life.

In Louisiana a young woman had an illegal abortion performed with Q-tips inserted into her vagina. Four days later she was dead.

BY KAREN WEINGARTEN

still refusing to recognize this new provision in the Amendment.

The consequences of the Hyde Amendment are glaring. Poor women either resort to finding illegal methods of aborting their unwanted fetus or they desperately try to save money to fund a legal abortion. While many of these women are scrounging up money in an attempt to reassert control over their lives, their pregnancy reaches a later term making even a legal abortion a more dangerous procedure. That conclusion also brings up an interesting connection to the latest anti-abortion activism attention on "partial-birth" abortion. Underprivileged women are not only competing against financial limitations, but they now also have to race against time restric-

tions imposed by state legislatures. With those facts, how can anyone claim that women have the right to decide their own fates? And take a look at these statistics: 93% of

counties in Texas have no abortion provider. In North Dakota 98%, in Alabama 91%, in California 33%, and in Connecticut 12% of counties also lack the same provision. Not only are women who choose to exercise their reproductive rights limited by money and time, but many need to find long-distance modes of transportation to attain their needed abortion.

If any of the above facts have convinced you that the fight for Women's Rights has not yet been won, then please participate in the National Young Women's Day of Action on October 22. The Women's Resource Center, the Feminist Majority, and other women's groups are organizing petitions to protest the Hyde Amendment; and they will also be holding a bake sale to raise money for the Abortion Fund, an organization that supplies women with grants and loans for abortions. Come support women and their reproductive rights!

The statistics presented in the above article were provided by NARAL, a pro-choice organization that serves as both a historical and current reference for women's reproductive rights.

But wait, isn't abortion legal in the United States? How can these women be dying when they should have easy access to abortions? The answer is simple: because they obviously don't. Eighty-two percent of abortion deaths in America are black or Latina women. A disproportionate number of black and Latina women are also dependent on federal medical insurance for their health needs, otherwise known as Medicaid. Are the connections becoming any clearer? Maybe a bit of history on the Hyde Amendment will explain the racist and sexist abortion policy in our supposedly egalitarian country.

In 1973, the Supreme Court legalized abortion under all circumstances for all women. In 1977, Congress passed the Hyde Amendment which prohibits federal funds to pay for abortions. This leaves abortions still accessible to women who can afford treatment with private doctors, but denies lower-class women an essential right—the right to have control over decisions about their bodies. In October of 1993 the Amendment was revised to allow female victims of rape or incest the right to use their Medicaid coverage for abortion if they submit a physician's certification of their condition to their state. Twelve states refused to comply with this change and had to be forced by court mandate to revise their laws. Alabama, South Dakota, and Mississippi are

In 1973, the Supreme Court legalized abortion . . . In 1977, Congress passed the Hyde Amendment which prohibits federal funds to pay for abortions.





SKELETON IN THE CLOSET

WORKING FOR THE MAN

"I am, without question, a tool"

AONGUS BURKE

Around this time last year my good friend Livia Gershon penned an article for this very magazine entitled "Working For The Man: A Rant Against the Consulting Craze."

She began the piece by recounting an incident prior to the start of one of her CSS classes. A student had walked in and upon taking his seat began asking around about what desired starting salary he ought to write in on his application for a consulting job he was trying to land; within seconds nearly half of the class had offered their suggestions.

Livia, unapologetic pinko bedwetter that she was, expressed her horror that so many of her fellow Wesleyan seniors, a large number of whom had spent the previous three years railing against oppression as students and activists, were now considering working as consultants. "I don't know even understand what consultants do," she stated, but "[w]hatever consulting firms may or may not be, they are definitely the province of the Man."

And so went the most talked about *Hermes* article (as opposed to *Hermes* Campus Diary or *Hermes* gay porn graphic) of the 1997-98 school year. All of its irony aside, Livia's piece hit a nerve on this campus. Many of us come here because we want to change the world and are a bit ashamed to find ourselves seduced by some of the privileges that world has to offer, especially when you realize that your Wesleyan education will give you access to them. I must say that I was relieved that Livia neglected to tell you was that it was me, her fellow *Hermes* staffer and comrade in the war against all oppression, who had initiated that fateful pre-class discussion.

Actually, I doubt Livia considered me to be a leftist activist quite on par with her. But I do think she expected better from me. I never did score the big consulting job that I wanted, but I doubt Livia would be any happier with the job I did take. I am now in my fourth month of work as a legal assistant at Brown & Wood, a corporate law firm that operates out of the World Trade Center in New York City. I am in the

The people I work with seem like a pretty decent lot. They don't spend their time talking about new and interesting ways to extract more surplus labor from the proletariat.

belly of the beast. Or, if you prefer, the Man.

But am I? I certainly don't spend my days feeling like I'm working for Oppression Inc. Most of my work, in fact, seems pretty non-ideological. I work primarily with mutual funds, which, if anything, is

one of the more democratic practice areas in corporate law. So far as I can tell, Brown & Wood's primary responsibility to the mutual funds we

are counsel to is to make sure that they are all in compliance with the federal and state regulations they are subject to. Most of these regulations require that the mutual fund in question disclose certain kinds of information to their clients and to the Securities and Exchange Commission so that investors doesn't get fucked over. For my part, I spend much of my time filing stuff and adapting old legal documents (letters, contracts, minutes for Boards of Directors meetings, information on fund performance) to slightly new situations. It all seems rather innocuous.

And, hey, the people I work with seem like a pretty decent lot too. They don't spend their time talking about new and interesting ways to extract more surplus labor from the proletariat. Actually,

outside of the Clinton scandal, politics rarely gets discussed here, but when it is, I get the impression that most people at Brown & Wood are fairly liberal on most issues. I cannot recall a single comment anyone has made here that seemed even vaguely

racist. I have heard the occasional classist and homophobic remark, and at least one of my fellow legal assistants has said a number of things that I consider sexist. But, on the whole, these sorts of comments get made considerably less often than I expected.

But, again, the most characteristic thing about politics in my workplace is how rarely it comes up. Most of the time, we just talk about our personal lives. See, *Ally McBeal* really is an accurate depiction of what it's like to work in a law firm! And maybe that's where the problems begin.

In a response to Livia's article entitled "Who's the Man?", another good friend of mine, Dave Freccia, proudly declared his own intentions to work as a con-

sultant, claiming that "It's impossible for me to sell-out since I never 'bought in' to the bullshit idea that all corporations are evil." But unlike Dave I can't really justify what I do by claiming an absence of cognitive dissonance. Everyday at work I see evidence of everything that is wrong with corporations, capitalism, and the Man.

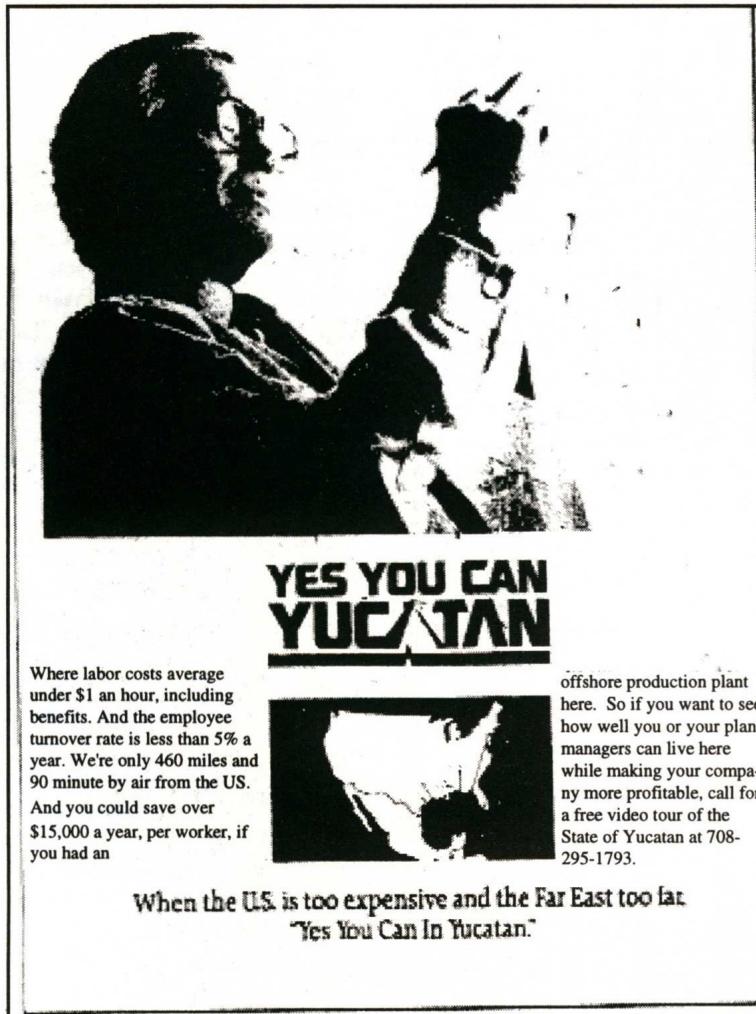
A Marxist-feminist would probably have a field day coming up with criticisms of Brown & Wood's employment practices. According to the most recent *Insider's Guide to Law Firms*, just 38% of the firm's associates are women and only 11% of the partners are. Both figures place Brown & Wood right in the middle of the pack among large New York City law firms. Meanwhile, a disproportionately large number of staff and "of counsel" attorneys are women. Staff attorneys roughly correspond to associates, while of counsel attorneys roughly correspond to partners. As I understand it, these positions are generally offered to attorneys the firm wants to keep on staff but who are unwilling to work the number of hours that associates and partners put in. Women often end up taking these kinds of positions because it gives them more time to devote to the childrearing and otherwise home-based activities they continue to be disproportionately saddled with. As you might have guessed, however, staff attorneys make considerably less than associates with an equal number of years of service to the firm, and of counsel attorneys certainly do not share in the windfall of profits the partners make.

I assume that the reason these attorneys are offered staff or of counsel positions has something to do with familial responsibilities, but I really don't know. I actually don't work very closely with any staff attorneys, but the two female of counsel attorneys I

work with do have kids. I can only hope the reason they weren't offered positions as partners had nothing to do with perceptions of their competence; these two women are in fact probably the sharpest two people that I've come across at Brown & Wood. But I wouldn't be surprised given what I see among the legal assistants.

The women here simply do not receive equal treatment with the men in a number of ways. For example, four new legal assistants started in the mutual funds group this summer. All three of the men were assigned to be the lead legal assistant on one of the several clusters of mutual funds the firm is counsel to. The woman, by contrast, was assigned as a "floater;" she does work, usually the more menial tasks, for any cluster that becomes swamped with work. So far as I can tell, the practice of hiring women into this position is well established. In fact, I took over the largest cluster of mutual funds when I started at the firm in June even though one of the female floaters hired last summer had spent most of her year working on my cluster (and seems to have done a fantastic job) decided to stay with the firm for another year. Instead, she got placed as the lead legal assistant in one of the smaller clusters.

I also don't get the impression that the women here are mentored the way the male legal assistants are. Even though I have never really aspired to be one, my superiors seem to have been grooming me to be a corporate attorney almost from day one. You need to put in these kinds of hours if you want to get ahead. Get some experience in this field before you go to law school. This is how you should manage your time. Everyone seems to feel that this job is just a stepping stone for someone like me. The female legal assistants,



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An actual ad from *Global Production*, a trade journal, featuring the Man



If you are poor, or the member of a subordinated racial or ethnic group, you will probably not succeed as easily under capitalism as a person from a more privileged background...

by contrast, seem to be regarded as, well, legal assistants — with no assumption that they might one day be part of the boys' club. And, perhaps consequentially, none of them seem to want to be.

As for members of racial and ethnic minorities, it's hard for me to gauge whether their competence is assumed as easily as their white counterparts. That's because so few of them seem to work here. Actually, that's not true. I see plenty of minorities, in fact almost exclusively minorities, in the copy center, mail center, messenger center, and at the secretaries' and receptionists' desks. But among people who are equal to or higher than me on the firm's totem pole is another story. About 16 percent of Brown & Wood associates and 4 percent of its partners are African-American, Latino or Asian. This is actually pretty good for a large New York firm. According to the *Insider's Guide*, none of the 42 New York City firms listed has more a 9 percent minority representation in their partner ranks, only one has more than 7 percent, and 7 firms have *no* racial or ethnic minority partners.

Why the numbers are so small is a complicated question. Members of the hiring and partners' committees would probably point to the same factors that they think, say, keep minority admissions to

colleges and universities so appallingly low. The more conservative among them might point to something like family dissolution; more progressive partners might point to inferior schooling and urban decay. None, of course, would fess up to their own complicity in the outcome. In truth, it's unlikely that there's a whole lot of conscious discrimination on their part. But you do have to wonder how much of the problem lies in the friends in high places the existing partners have always had, but prospective minority associates and partners rarely do. Or, to be even more provocative, you have to wonder how members of minority groups, who often grew up in a world foreign to the kind of culture that prevails in the upper ranks of corporate America, score in that "collegiality" category that always bears an indeterminate weight in all placement decisions. But these are only my speculations. Ironically, I don't think I could offer you a concrete

assessment of if and how the corporate world screws over minorities unless more of them actually worked there.

But if all of this *is* what the Man has wrought, I ultimately have to admit that I'm at least somewhat complicit in his evil doings. In fairness to myself, no one can really opt out of capitalist mode of production and its attending channels of distribution. But at the end of the day, I don't just participate in that system; I help grease its wheels. I might take some solace in the fact that I (purely by chance) work in mutual funds, an investment instrument that people relatively far down the income ladder get to take advantage of. But mutual funds are still pretty irrelevant to those who do the least well under this economy. And though most of what I do ultimately serves to better inform regulatory bodies and investors about how the Merrill Lynches of the world operate, Merrill Lynch remains the firm's client. While I've never knowingly done work that helped a client screw over the little guy, who knows what's being said and done behind the closed doors of the partners' offices?

You may wonder how, knowing all of this, I

...that's true for a number of reasons, from the inferior public schools you probably attended to the friends in high places you don't have, to the utterly foreign culture that prevails at the highest levels of the occupational ladder

can sleep at night. But worry not for me my friends. If I still felt like I had any ethical obligations in this world, I might indeed be keeping late nights. Luckily, twelve years of Catholic school and a frosh seminar featuring Nietzsche ridded me of those kinds of burdens. That's why I find it a little bit inaccurate for people to label me a sell-out. I mean, it's not like my foray into the world of corporate law followed an extensive career of fighting economic injustice.

But if I'm not comfortable with being called a sell-out, there's one pernicious label that I'd be hard pressed to defend myself against. I am, without question, a tool. A tool of a system that I am well aware does not serve everyone equally well. As a white male, though, you'd probably have good reason to expect that I'd be one of the ones who comes out on top. But not quite. The category of oppression that I did spend a lot of time fighting at Wesleyan has turned

out to bite me in the ass in the workplace in ways I never imagined. But we'll look at that next time. I suspect I've exhausted your supply of sympathy for the time being.

The women here aren't mentored like male legal assistants. Even though I've never aspired to be one, my superiors have been grooming me as a corporate attorney almost from day one.



RUDY GIULIANI

Victims in The Reign of Terror

by Noah Lanser

- **Higher Education:** Giuliani ended open admissions at CUNY, meaning that for the first time students who graduate from NYC high schools (or get a GED) are no longer guaranteed a spot at the four year colleges.
- **Primary Education:** he restricted the budget of the NYC schools more than any mayor in the last twenty years. He drove the popular School's Chancellor, Ramon Cortines, out of office. He introduced an incentive program to encourage teachers into early retirement so that inexperienced teachers could be hired and paid less.
- **The Environment:** he referred to recycling as a "craze" among activists, and refused to increase the budget for recycling even though city law mandated that 25% of the city's garbage be recycled, and the city was only at 15%.¹ Instead of increasing pickups or education about recycling, he fought a long court battle to allow him to count crushed-up old granite as recycling. This granite was used to create roads into the city's landfill for trucks to dump more garbage.
- **Welfare Recipients:** Welfare recipients have been pushed off the rolls in record numbers. The Mayor has pushed workfare as the singular solution, and attempted to move all of the rolls onto workfare, and then off of workfare and into a job. The mayor claims that "Over 120,000 people have moved through the program and now into self-sufficiency."² Unfortunately, no records have been kept by the Mayor as to how many people are successful in holding a job, or whether they are recycled right back into the welfare system.
- **Human Rights:** The Mayor has continually defended the New York Police Department, recently called the worst police department in the country for human rights violations by an Amnesty International Report. The report stated that the NYPD condones "systematic police brutality," and cited numerous examples
- **Free speech:** Reporters critical of the Administration were cut off from access to anyone in the Administration, while favorable reporters were still given press releases and interviews with anyone they wanted.
- **Medicare and Medicaid Recipients:** The Mayor

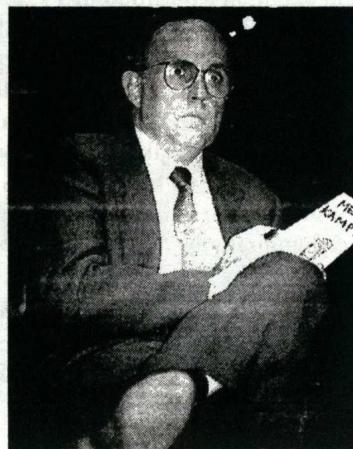
has cut Medicare and Medicaid.

- **Children:** The Mayor has cut the budget for preventative social services in child care, instead focusing on foster care, a much more costly and invasive system
- **Cab Drivers:** he has demanded higher insurance and tougher traffic regulations for taxi drivers, a policy which would make driving a cab economically unprofitable. He also proposed a fine against cab drivers for honking their horns. When the cab drivers attempted to drive in a convoy to City Hall to protest, he had police block their entrance to Manhattan, telling reporters "I know that we broke the strike, we destroyed it."³
- **Pedestrians:** Giuliani increased the fine for jaywalking from \$2 to \$50, and attempted (in vain) to have the police enforce the law. He also set up barricades against passengers so that they could not cross the street at certain intersections.
- **Street Vendors:** Giuliani attempted to remove street vendors with city permits from 140 blocks around the city, claiming that these streets were too crowded. This included food vendors, as well as vendors selling books, newspapers, and toys.
- **Squeegee Men:** he imposed jail time on people who attempt to clean car windows at intersections, as well as other "quality of life" crimes.
- **Sex Clubs:** Giuliani has passed strict zoning laws against sex clubs, which essentially keep them out of anywhere in Manhattan, and force them to residential areas or outside of the city.
- **Humor:** When *New York Magazine* ran a series of ads lampooning the Mayor, he sued them for libel.
- **Fun:** The police have cracked down on the streets in Greenwich Village, including radio players. People are now ticketed for playing radios over 68 decibels, even if it is only barely over. When noise from a car stereo exceeds 75 decibels, police seize the car immediately until the summons is settled.

1 "Metro Matters: To the Mayor, This Law Is Garbage," Liz Kolbert, *The New York Times*, August 17, 1998

2 "Is Mayor's Workfare Program on the Job?," Paul Moses, *Newsday*, June 15, 1998

3 <http://westvillage.miningco.com/library/weekly/aa052698.htm>, article from Reuter's wire, published May 21, 1998



*Photo stolen from the
Blackout Books Homepage*

HERMES INDEX

1. Percent of U.S. Population who are African American: 12%
2. Percent of U.S. drug users who are African American: 13%
3. Percent of those convicted of drug possession in U.S. who are African American: 55%
4. Percent of those convicted of a felony who are African American: 47%
5. Percent of those in prison for drug possession who are African American: 74%
6. Percentage of American prison population who are people of color: 70%
7. # of prisons built in California in the last 10 years: 20
8. # of state-run Universities built in California in last 10 years: 2
9. Change in # of jobs in California State Department of Corrections in last 10 years: +26,000
10. Change in # of jobs in California higher education system in last 10 years: -8,000
 11. # of prison guards in California in 1985: 7,570
 12. # of prison guards in California in 1990: 14,240
 13. # of prison guards in California in 1994: 25,547
14. Total amount U.S. government spent on Education in 1980: \$27 billion
15. Total amount U.S. government spent on Prisons/Correction in 1980: \$8 billion
16. Total amount U.S. government spent on Education in 1995: \$16 billion
17. Total amount U.S. government spent on Prisons/Correction in 1995: \$20 billion
 18. # of trees saved for every ton of recycled paper produced: 17
19. Amount of paper that went into landfills in 1992: 50 million tons
20. Amount of paper Americans use in napkins and paper towels annually: 2.5 million tons
21. Amount of energy recycling paper requires as opposed to making new paper from trees: -30 to -55%
 22. Percentage of landfills composed by paper: 40%
23. Amount Wesleyan spends each year on trash hauling and recycling: \$250,000
 24. Amount of waste produced annually by 1 American: 3600 lbs.
 25. Amount of waste produced annually by 1 resident of Holland: 600 lbs.
 26. Amount of plastic used by average American each year: 190 lbs.
 27. Amount immediately discarded: 60 lbs.
28. Tons of sulfur dioxide produced annually by 5 power plants in Connecticut with exemption from federal clean-air standards (the "Filthy Five"): 33,453
29. Percent of sulfur dioxide annually produced in CT which this composes: 66%
30. Tons of smog-forming nitrogen oxide pollution they produce: 10,688
31. Percent of nitrogen annually produced in CT which this composes: 11%
32. Percent of CT residents who breath air that is "seriously unhealthful" according to EPA: 97%
 33. # of cars on roads necessary to produce same amount of emissions: 555,000
34. # of cars that would have to be taken off the road to equal the amount of emissions decrease that would take place if the plants were updated to meet federal standards: 175,000

Sources: 1-17: PARC(Prison Activist Resource Center) pamphlet in Berkeley, CA; 19-27: E3 pamphlet; 28-34: The Hartford Courant, 6/1/98.

Submit!

We encourage all types of submissions: articles on campus, local, or national issues; essays; opinion pieces and editorials; art, short fiction; poetry and much more. We accept writing from students, faculty, alumni/ae, community members, and anyone else. Sorry, we do not accept anonymous submissions.

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